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NOTES OF THE WEEK

A REPORT gained currency during the week that the Government are considering the advisability of sending Mr. Wedgwood Benn, Secretary of State for India, on a tour of India this winter. The object of the tour is said to be to establish personal contact with Indian politicians and to "allay any suspicions," whatever that may mean. It is suggested that such suspicions would be an unfortunate augury for the introduction of reforms which the Cabinet have in contemplation. Have the Government made up their minds about India before the issue of the Simon Report? It may be they are already in possession of the main lines this report will take; but what is the object of sending Mr. Benn to do what the Simon Commission has already done very thoroughly? What are these "suspicions" that need to be "allayed"? This is a distinctly disturbing rumour. If there were anything in it Sir John Simon and his co-Commissioners could hardly be blamed if they felt a sense of grievance. The Government will be well advised to keep a sharp look-out for the red light in their handling of Indian affairs; India does not usually excite the House of Commons, but

it would be rash to count on that. In this connexion it is well to remember that Sir John Simon is a Liberal, and that the Liberals hold the key to the existing parliamentary position.

Mr. Lloyd George, who is an astute and practised tactician, told his Liberal stalwarts in conference last week that they might expect a general election in the near future. It is his view that the Government may try to pick a quarrel while the popularity they have achieved in foreign fields is still operative and before they have had time to lose ground by the failure of their domestic policy. We by no means say we agree with this forecast, but there is a superficial probability about it which tempts the mind to speculation. As we pointed out last week, the Cabinet are likely to find themselves before many months have passed in a dilemma over unemployment and taxation: to relieve unemployment on any big scale will cost enough to make Mr. Snowden's first Budget unpalatable; but not to relieve it on a big scale will be to stand condemned of a broken undertaking. Mr. Thomas and Mr. Snowden are the men of the hour. If they can together concert a plan that will produce work without ruinously adding to taxation all will be well; but at present their aims look to be mutually antagonistic. Might the

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Government, then, seek a new mandate from the nation before introducing a Budget? And if so, what ground would they choose for battle? There is none that occurs very readily to the mind. Is there a chance that it might be India?

In a statement made on Tuesday to American and foreign journalists, President Hoover declared that he and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald were able to discuss their problems "solely in the broad aspect of human welfare in the largest sense," because there were "no controversies between our countries to be settled." Those Englishmen who recollect the existence of such controversial questions as debts, tariffs and the freedom of the seas, may read this statement with some scepticism. But they will readily admit that the moral effect of Mr. MacDonald's trip is likely greatly to facilitate the solution of practical problems. His rugged appearance and the almost religious fervour with which he speaks are particularly appealing to a people whose ancestors set out for the New World in the *Mayflower*; his bearing in the United States has earned the respect and gratitude of the British, and has genuinely captured the imagination of the American people.

On Monday the British invitation was issued to the Governments of the United States, France, Italy and Japan to take part in a naval limitation conference in London next January. This invitation was followed on Thursday by the publication of a joint statement by Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Hoover covering in general terms the course of their recent conversations. This announcement emphasizes the position of the Kellogg Pact as the core of the new *rapprochement* and goes on to indicate how in the view of both Governments the signature of the Pact has profoundly modified the sea relations of the two countries:

We approach the old historical problems from a new angle and in a new atmosphere. On the assumption that war between us has been banished, and that conflicts between our military and naval forces cannot take place, these problems have changed their meaning and character, and their solution in ways satisfactory to both countries has become possible.

This can only be taken as a reference to the freedom of the seas, the problem of which, as we pointed out at the time, has been fundamentally modified by the Kellogg Pact. The most important and practical part of the statement follows in the next sentence, which says that "we have agreed that those questions should become the subject of active consideration between us." In other words, the negotiations which were conducted during the summer on naval armaments are now to be extended to cover naval law.

It becomes increasingly evident that the Five Power Naval Conference will be as difficult as any international meeting held since the war. The Japanese demand for a more favourable ratio than that granted to Japan by the Washington Conference in 1921 may possibly be withdrawn, since the Japanese, in all these naval discussions, have acted with statesmanlike moderation. The determination of Italy, however, to have a fleet equal in strength to that of France, although France has an Atlantic as well as a Mediterranean

sea-board to defend, and the present mood of the French in regard to their scheme of national defence which is now being carried out will combine to make success at the London Conference in January improbable.

We have, therefore, to envisage the possibility of the complete failure of the five-power naval conference, and to decide whether, in such circumstances, the Anglo-American agreement shall come to nothing. Despite all the precautions taken by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Hoover, there persists on the Continent much talk of an Anglo-American alliance. This alliance, in our view, could only come into existence were the Anglo-American negotiations to be threatened by the refusal of continental nations to reduce their naval armaments. In no circumstances should the Anglo-American accord be scrapped, and failing a full five-power agreement it might only be possible for Great Britain to limit her fleet were London to receive some definite promise of assistance from the United States in the—improbable—event of naval trouble in European waters.

The controversy aroused by the Hilton Young Commission's proposals regarding closer union in East Africa necessitated the despatch thither of Sir Samuel Wilson's mission, which was charged with the collection of local opinions on the scheme. As we pointed out in a leading article last January, the Hilton Young Commission took a very broad view of its duties. It was asked to report on federation of the various units which constituted British interests in East and Central Africa; in doing so it looked far ahead and reviewed virtually every question that can arise in those regions. Sir Samuel Wilson now reports the modifications that must be made, as he thinks, in the main principles of the Hilton Young scheme if it is to secure adequate local support. He says, in particular, that he discovered "no one who was in favour of putting the general control of native policy directly under the control of a central authority." The Hilton Young report declared it inevitable that the natives of all the territories should in time "develop a common consciousness," and therefore wished His Majesty's Government to "speak with a single voice." But Sir Samuel Wilson records the existence of many apprehensions, among natives and among white settlers, lest such central control should mean sacrifice of local, or tribal, or racial, interests. We hope to return to the problems of East Africa. They deserve more attention than the public here is giving them.

The shipyard trade unions have taken a decision which is in its degree epoch-making. For the first time in the history of industrial compacts, an industry carried on in many far-separated areas has been brought under the principle of a common standard wage. The Boilermakers' Society and the Amalgamated Society of Woodworkers are outside the agreement reached between the unions and the Shipbuilding Employers' Federation. Conceivably, the latter may come in when the strike in the shipyards at Belfast is at an end, but the boilermakers are piece-rate workers outside the scope of the agreement. All the other

unions connected with shipbuilding are assenting parties, and their skilled members will receive the national wage of £3 a week, the unskilled workers receiving 41s. per week. But men at present receiving more than these amounts will not be levelled down. The agreement will operate as from the beginning of next year.

With all the will in the world that Conservatives should outdo their rivals in propaganda, we really cannot discover much substance in the grumbling over denial of broadcasting opportunities. No doubt members of the Labour Government have been quick to utilize broadcasting, quicker than members of the Conservative were when in power, but it is reasonable to distinguish between party speeches pure and simple and utterances which describe the efforts of the nation, through Ministers and departments, to deal with social or economic problems. Official exposition we can have only from those responsible in Parliament for the conduct of the department the activities of which are to be expounded. In regard to that, at any rate, we can hardly expect that ex-Ministers and potential Ministers should be given as many hearings as actual Ministers. Indeed, cause for complaint seems very nearly to narrow down to a series of broadcasts, entitled 'Points of View,' in which talks were given, not by Ministers or active politicians, but by persons of some literary or scientific distinction most of whom merely hold opinions of a Socialistic colour. And as to this we are less concerned to lament the indirect concession to Socialism than to lament the persistent failure of Conservative organizers to use the semi-political or non-political allies they might secure for the asking. Again and again it has been pointed out in these columns that political Conservatism will never grow to its full strength until it recognizes and uses its friends among writers and thinkers who "stand upon the ancient ways," who respect and exemplify tradition, and who contribute to Conservatism in act by contributing to it in sentiment and belief.

Herr Schober, the new Austrian Chancellor, is evidently not afraid of drastic remedies, and his action in bringing about fusion between the Oesterreichische-Kreditanstalt and the Bodenkredit has undoubtedly saved Austria from a grave financial crisis. The Bodenkredit had got itself into difficulties, partly, it appears, because its directors had become too closely connected with the Heimwehr, and a political bank generally meets with the fate it deserves. But the immediate cause of its collapse was the loss of confidence in the country's future, and a consequent withdrawal of capital from the Viennese banks by the Austrian and foreign investors. The League of Nations put the finances of Austria on as sound a basis as those of any neighbouring State, but the constant menace of a Fascist march on Vienna has had its effect. The well-wishers of Austria will hope that this financial collapse will teach members of the Heimwehr that their particular form of patriotism may ruin their country, and that the others will be kept in their place with the same firmness as Herr Schober, as Chief of Police in Vienna, showed towards the Socialists when they in their turn tried to override the authority of the State.

It is amazing to learn, from correspondence published by the *Sunday Times*, that the Procurator-Fiscal of Glasgow officially condemns as lotteries the crossword puzzles published by that paper because the prizes, consisting of novels, are given to the authors of the first five correct solutions opened by the crossword judge. The wickedness, we gather, is not in the crossword puzzles, the solution of which must be deemed an exercise of skill; chance comes in with the limitation of prizes to the first five successful solvers; and demoralization results from the award of money's worth in the form of books priced at seven shillings and sixpence apiece. If the Procurator-Fiscal wishes to make Glasgow the rival of those transatlantic cities in which fantastic measures are taken against infinitesimal offences, let him proceed with his policy. He will not find himself supported by the same opinion either in Glasgow or anywhere else. There is, or used to be, a legal maxim to this effect: that the law takes no cognizance of trifles.

The Malvern Hills Conservators, having spent over £30,000 in purchasing nearly 1,500 acres, under a special Act of Parliament, in order to save what they could of a beautiful district from the fury of quarry enterprise, some time ago came to the end of their resources. In theory it was still open to them to acquire, at prices fixed by arbitration, a couple of large areas where frantic quarrying has proceeded, but the additional burden on the rates would have been intolerable. They, and most of the residents of Malvern, had therefore resigned themselves to the incessant and extraordinarily noisy destruction of the hills in those areas. Mr. Bernard Shaw's generously indignant letter to *The Times* has roused both local and general public opinion to the needs of the situation. We may now hope that some means will be found of checking ravages which exasperate the eyes and ears of all who dwell in Malvern or visit the neighbourhood. But how deplorable it is that the intervention of an illustrious man of letters and a special campaign should be requisite to save the remnants of a beauty that should have been protected by the good sense of the people, as a matter of course.

Our Agricultural Correspondent writes: "The refusal of the Minister of Agriculture to buy British beef for the Army and Navy for six months in the year has aroused considerable indignation in agricultural circles. On the grounds of sentiment and diet it would certainly be a desirable thing, though costly. But the real object of the measure would be to help the British farmer, and from this aspect there are two sides to the question. The sudden appearance of the Government in the market as a big buyer of British beef would be bound to cause an artificial disturbance of trade that would increase prices. If it did not increase prices it would not help the farmer. But, with the high cost of living, an increase of prices would drive more people to imported beef, and many would not come back again at the end of the six months. Further, an increased demand for British beef would increase the demand for store cattle. A rise in the price of stores would help the Irish importer, but add very little to the profits of farmers in Great Britain."

REFORMING THE POST OFFICE

LORD WOLMER is to be congratulated on the energy and public spirit that he has shown in his criticisms of Post Office management. The fact that he was once himself Assistant Postmaster-General, which Mr. Lees-Smith apparently thinks ought to have sealed his lips, gives his criticism greater value. Civil servants may not take part in these discussions, the House of Commons has not had an adequate Post Office debate for many years; if ex-Ministers too are to join in the conspiracy of silence because they have seen and know too much, the public interest will be lost sight of altogether. Lord Wolmer has done well to recognize that loyalty to the general well-being has far higher claims on him than loyalty to an institution, and to speak out with complete candour. It would be well if other Ministers were to follow his example: the Post Office is not the only department that would benefit by a thorough draught. It is, however, the only department which is doing work that could conceivably be done by any other agency than a Government department, and in that respect it is unique, and the standards of criticism that should be applied to it are more specific and concrete than those which can be applied to the work of other departments.

The one test of the Post Office, as of all businesses, is that it should pay, if not in profits going to relief of taxation, then in the cheapness and excellence of its services. Lord Wolmer's contention is that it does neither on an adequate scale. He has taken as his main examples the telegraph and the telephone services, and the Post Office tube railway from Paddington to Whitechapel. His figures and examples have not been seriously challenged. But the grounds of his criticism have been vastly extended in the correspondence that has followed the publication of his articles in *The Times*. As everyone is said to have at least one novel in him, every one of us has in his own experience the material for at least one indignant letter on the faults of the British Post Office. Nor is there much sign of improvement, in spite of the admitted discontent of the public. Mr. Lees-Smith takes pleasure in the reflection that the Post Office last year carried 6,000 million letters as though that were, in itself, any proof of efficiency. How many letters might have been carried if, say, the suburban delivery were even as good as it was before the war? Almost alone of the great businesses, the Post Office has not yet got back to its pre-war standard and in certain respects shows no ambition to do so.

Lord Wolmer's explanation of the faults of the Post Office is that it is run as a Government department and that Government departments are, by reason of their very virtues, constitutionally unfitted to run a business enterprise. Because the Post Office is almost the only important example of business nationalization in the country, the present Postmaster-General, being a Socialist, thinks it his duty to defend it on general grounds, and instead of specific replies to specific complaints we get a wearisome attempt to protect the theory of State ownership and management. But

the test of business management is in the results, and the theory of what ought to happen matters just nothing. In theory a business run by Government should be extremely sensitive to public criticism; in practice the Post Office notoriously is not. The Postmaster-General is a member of the Government, and under the theory of joint Cabinet responsibility criticism of him is criticism of the Government, and, if successful, must diminish its prestige. If it were not a Government department but a public utility company, Lord Wolmer thinks, and with good reason, that criticism would be more efficacious and public control more real.

Surely there is no reason why a State-owned business should necessarily be run as a branch of the Civil Service. It would be possible to turn the whole department upside-down without in the least raising the principle of nationalization. State ownership is one thing, State management quite another; and public control might well be made effectual under private management. If Mr. Lees-Smith will bear that in mind, he may be remembered both as a reformer of the Post Office and as the best friend that nationalization ever had. The theoretical conclusions that may be drawn from the changes may be left to take care of themselves. All we care about in the Post Office is cheapness, efficiency of service, progress, civility; and—when the possibilities in these directions are exhausted, not before—as much balance in relief of taxes as the business can spare.

FOURTH DEGREE

THE inquest on the victim of the Reading murder raises afresh a number of issues in connexion with the conduct of coroners' courts and the administration of justice which have lately become unpleasantly prominent. Coroners in the past have frequently made themselves ridiculous with pompous *obiter dicta* and an exaggerated sense of their importance; they have frequently indulged in investigations outside the true scope of their enquiries to the unnecessary and cruel hurt of a dead person's relatives and friends. But lately there have been symptoms of an extension of these methods in a way which threatens not merely private feelings but public justice. Coroners' courts are not bound by the ordinary rules of evidence, and the latitude thus afforded them is being most unhappily used.

The sole legitimate object of a coroner's enquiry is to determine the cause of death. It is not, or it ought not to be, an investigation into the guilt or innocence of a suspected person. Otherwise what is meant to be merely pre-judicial becomes prejudicial. It has been a constant practice for an inquest to be adjourned immediately a suspected person is arrested until after the verdict on his or her trial has been given. The object of this procedure is clearly to prevent prejudice being fostered against the accused person by the proceedings of the inquest before the hearing of the trial; and this is in proper accordance with the tenet of British justice that a person is held innocent until proved guilty. Now it is

becoming increasingly prevalent for this process to be discarded in favour of one opposed to every reasonable conception of fair play: the coroner's inquest roves freely over the circumstances and movements of a suspected person; he is not arrested, but he is subjected in court to a cross-examination the hostility of which is ill-concealed; and if he is subsequently arrested, so far from the jury which has to convict or acquit him at his trial coming to their task with fresh and unprejudiced minds, they have already followed with such closeness the history of the case in the protracted proceedings of the coroner's court that if they are human they can hardly fail to have formed some preconceptions.

These circumstances have probably been developed as a result of the report of the recent Police Commission. The police are now deprived of certain methods of investigation in regard to suspected persons which hitherto they had employed, and there are indications that for these they are substituting the opportunities afforded them by the elasticity of a coroner's enquiry. In recent cases there has been evidence that the police have been at the coroner's elbow prompting the course of the proceedings in such a way as to suggest that the case is being conducted by them and not by him. Questions are put to the suspected person in cross-examination which would not be allowed to be put by a detective to a suspect, and an atmosphere of prejudice is thus created. In other words, the practice of what is vaguely called "third degree" is transferred from the police station to the coroner's court.

It may be that in some cases it is necessary in the interests of justice to go beyond the strict confines of a coroner's duties. When that is so strict care should be taken to see that no bias is prematurely created against a person who may subsequently be on trial for his life. In particular a coroner so placed should be scrupulously careful to observe the utmost impartiality. He holds a privileged position which he must be punctiliously careful not to abuse. In recent cases this rule has unfortunately not always been regarded. One result, not without significance, of any appearance of prejudice or undue inquisition on the part of the coroner's court is sometimes a revulsion of public feeling in favour of a suspected person which may be contrary to the interests of justice.

THE PEOPLE'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA*

THE popularization of knowledge is to be applauded only when the conception of what knowledge is, the idea of scholarship, is not debased in the process. The condition has been satisfied in not a few small and cheap books of our time, for example, in many of the sixpenny volumes in the well-known series issued by Messrs. Benn, and also in the succinct cyclopædia issued by Messrs. Chambers. But such publications have been planned to their useful,

limited purpose. They do not represent the watering-down and flavouring-up of otherwise planned information and opinion to suit the popular taste; and giving the average man what he ordinarily needs, they do not encourage the belief that what cannot be provided on his terms is superfluous. The 'Encyclopædia Britannica' is, or rather was, in another class. The great ninth edition was an unconscionable time coming into existence, so that the earlier volumes were some years behind the times when the last appeared, but it was edited in the spirit of scholarship and drew to it the master-minds of the Victorian age. The eleventh edition kept most of what was best in the ninth, added and altered in obedience to the tradition, and was almost everywhere abreast of the developments of 1875-1910. The fourteenth edition, just issued, is a series of concessions to the conjectured limitations and needs of the plain man, and, since it comes to us with the prestige of the ninth and tenth editions and under the auspices of a most distinguished journalist, may seriously affect popular notions of what there is to know and of the right approaches to knowledge.

We do not for a moment deny that in its fourteenth edition the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' is still a work of great value if used as a master of phrase said we should use words, "with a certain contempt." Much that was good in the ninth and the eleventh editions has survived, if only in truncated form; much that has been added in this fourteenth edition at the instance of its catholic-minded Editor-in-Chief and of a notable company of departmental editors is authoritative. A cultured reader turning to subjects of which he already knows enough to be able to discriminate will find no small proportion of the articles useful. But all of us have been wont to go to the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' for guidance in matters of which we were largely or even wholly ignorant, and how can we discriminate there? Finding, in matters of which we can judge, that articles have been "humanized" by the omission of necessary but perhaps to the layman rather dreary information or that the appended bibliographies are in some instances sketchy and uncritical, how should we feel the old confidence in articles on subjects remote from our business and our studies?

With the utmost respect for the Editor-in-Chief and many of his colleagues and contributors, and the utmost patience towards the American enterprise which has "stunted" this venerable British monument and may yet take Stonehenge on tour, we submit that the policy of "humanization" was radically wrong. The journalistic instinct for what can be brought home to the businesses and bosoms of men is not likely to be disparaged by us as journalists. It may be put to evil uses, but it is of the first importance to any democratic society, and we know to what admirable use it has been put in its legitimate field of operation by the Editor-in-Chief of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' But the English-speaking world's capital work of reference is not matter on which it should employ itself. The reason is too simple to be perceived, and must therefore be stated.

What the plain man usually requires "in his hasty days," as Mr. Robert Bridges would call

* 'The Encyclopædia Britannica.' Fourteenth Edition. Editor-in-Chief: J. L. Garvin. American Editor: Franklin H. Hooper. Art Director: Warren E. Cox. The Encyclopædia Britannica Company. 24 vols. £27 16s. 6d. to £69, according to binding (including bookcase table).

them, can be divined by those with the instinct; but who can determine what the student (and even the plain man is driven by his business or his intellectual curiosity to be a student of some matter at times) will require? Knowledge is interrelated. Admitting that a need for quickly available information about Chinese metaphysics is an improbable contingency, and that the classic method of acquiring it by combining what the articles on China and metaphysics may yield will but rarely need to be adopted, it remains true that the *Encyclopædia*, as distinguished from frankly limited and secondary works of reference, ought under each head to supply all truly relevant information just because it is relevant, regardless of its "human interest," its modernity, its capacity for being briefly and brightly expounded.

A counsel of perfection, it may be retorted. We will admit, then, that considerations of space must impose some arbitrary limit. But, so far as we can see, that plea will not much avail the fourteenth edition of the '*Encyclopædia Britannica*.' Of debatable distribution of space between articles we will say nothing, for it would need a jury of experts to judge of that, and its members would disagree. But surely there can be no debate over the absurd waste of space in futile illustration in the text. As a random example, one of the articles contains a thumb-nail picture of apple-gathering in Maryland. It might be of apple-gathering anywhere, except, perhaps, the Dead Sea, and conveys nothing except the far from recondite information that apples grow on trees, that in Maryland and elsewhere they may be gathered into baskets, and that those not eaten on the spot can be stored. Again, an article on the Ardennes is inexplicably illustrated by a sketch of a woman of the region going to market. We can only wonder that the article "Gentleman" is not adorned by a small picture of one putting on his trousers, an exercise general with the species, though no more distinguishing it than going to market differentiates the women of the Ardennes from female Scandinavians or Zulus. Some of the full-page illustrations have been excellently chosen and exceptionally well reproduced, but there too we find wasteful irrelevance, as in the double-page picture of an architectural nightmare of the future which, if better done, might just be worth a place in one of the illustrated weeklies, but is utterly out of place in a serious work of reference.

To return to the articles, we will take a single volume, the first, out of six or seven we have scrutinized with some care. The otherwise adequate article on Afghanistan is unreasonably out of date in depicting the ex-sovereign as comfortable on his throne. A bibliography of only two items to Agnosticism is clearly not full enough, and here we must protest against the uncritical character of several bibliographies, appertaining to subjects of which we can judge, in other volumes. Agriculture appears to us to be well done. The sub-section, "Post-war developments," of the article on 'Aviation is much too brief. Anarchism, Kropotkin's well-known article brought up to date by Professor Laski, comes near to being a model, clear in exposition and with an ample bibliography. Whether 'Sherwood Anderson, Corn-fed Mystic, His-

torian of the Middle Age of Man,' is the sort of book to cite as authoritative in criticism of that American writer is open to doubt. It sounds like a joke made for Mr. Mencken, who deals fully and well with Americanisms. American Frontier makes room for a silly picture of a trapper, "a familiar figure during America's early expansion," and in five thousand books for boys; there is also, incredibly, a picture of an old-time log cabin from one put up by a kinema producer. Four pages on American literature produced during the last few years is disproportionate in view of the treatment of some great European literatures over longer and far more brilliant periods. The biographical articles are mostly sound as far as they go, but in apportioning space too little thought has been given to the difference in kind of information required as we pass from a man of affairs to an author, or artist, or philosopher: the merest hint of criticism may suffice sometimes with the former, but to deal with a writer, or painter or thinker without clear indication of his bent and quality is to do next to nothing for us.

And so we might continue, in a lucky-dip very variously rewarded. But in the end we should be left with the impression we have already: that with many merits, perhaps particularly in the treatment of science and of recent political history, the fourteenth edition of the '*Encyclopædia Britannica*' has been vitiated by an attempt to anticipate the demands of the plain man which is here out of place. It will meet most of the requirements of most people most of the time; but it is not the final resort of the student. Should it come to be regarded as that, the public will have a poorer idea of what in certain departments constitutes knowledge. With an indelicacy that must be wholly unintentional, the article on Americanization tells of "the care of babies, conceived in the American manner": this work is among the products of that mysterious procreative process, and not the natural inheritor of the British tradition.

THE NEW JUGOSLAVIA

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT]

AFTER a period of marking time, which has lasted for over nine months, the Yugoslav dictatorship has introduced two reforms which presumably reflect King Alexander's views on the internal consolidation of the Yugoslav State. By a new law promulgated on October 3, the old designation of "Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes" is officially replaced by the more suitable appellation of "The Kingdom of Yugoslavia," and in future the use of the separate names of Serb, Croat and Slovene or of their separate national emblems is strictly forbidden. In addition to this change the State is to receive a new administrative partition. The existing thirty-three provinces are to be replaced by nine "Banats," each governed by a "Banus" or Governor appointed by the King. In his laudable ambition to abolish the old tribal divisions of Serb, Croat and Slovene, and to convert his subjects into good Yugoslav citizens, the King has made a clean sweep of all the historic names like Slovenia, Croatia, Dalmatia, Montenegro, Bosnia, Herzegovina, and even Old Serbia itself. The Banats have been given entirely

new names, taken mostly from Yugoslav rivers, and, although the new divisions conform to some extent to the old pre-war provinces, they are sufficiently startling to make their immediate popularity doubtful.

The aim of these reforms is the suppression of the internal dissensions which have done so much to retard the consolidation of the Kingdom and the fusion of the different races of Yugoslavia into a united Yugoslav nation. By providing a more decentralized administration they seek to remove one of the chief grievances of the non-Serbian peoples: the necessity of applying to Belgrade for every dinar and for every trivial administrative decision.

In spite of the expectations and hopes that had been raised, the reforms hold out no promise of an early return to Parliamentary government, nor are the full powers given to the provincial Governors likely to satisfy the insistent demands of the Croats for autonomy or, at least, for an increased measure of local self-government. Although many of the powers of the Central Government will be transferred to the Banus, the latter will still be very much under the thumb of Belgrade. The funds for the provincial administration will be provided by the State Budget and not by local taxation. The regime, in fact, will be an autocratic one, not unlike the provincial administration of Russia under the Tsars. The scheme, it is true, can still be amplified in such a manner as to give the new administration a more democratic form. For instance, local councils may be elected in order to assist the Governors, and in Yugoslav political circles a move of this sort is expected as the second and complementary part of the King's new plan. Much, too, will depend on the King's choice of governors. Nevertheless, although the sincerity of King Alexander's intentions is not to be doubted, it is difficult to believe that the new reforms in their present form will find a sympathetic reception, except among the small minority who hitherto have supported the Yugoslav idea as opposed to the Serbian or Croat idea.

No unbiased observer who has been in Belgrade during the last nine months can fail to have been disappointed at the meagre results which the dictatorship has hitherto achieved. The King himself is a modern monarch who has the welfare of all his peoples at heart, but it is at least doubtful how far he is master in his own house. Supported by the strong hand of General Zivkovitch, a soldier whose knowledge of politics is limited to palace intrigues, the old Serbian politicians still control the administrative machine. The country is surrounded by hostile neighbours, and instead of seeking to find a peaceful solution of Yugoslavia's differences with Bulgaria, Italy and Hungary, Yugoslav foreign policy seems to be governed by suspicion. In the Balkans suspicion implies reliance on military power, and during the past year munitions have been pouring into the country in ever-increasing quantities. Internally, little attempt has been made to placate the Croats. The Croat ministers in the Cabinet are mere figure-heads, who have no control over the policy of the Government or even over their own departments, and in spite of a half-hearted attempt by the new regime to abolish some of the worst abuses of Serbian administration, corruption once more flourishes almost unchecked. The dictatorship has certainly maintained political tranquillity, and for that reason it is popular with the commercial community in all parts of the country. But this tranquillity has been maintained entirely by the so-called "strong hand" and by the wide use of such weapons as the censorship. The new administration has failed to profit sufficiently by the discredit into which the old parliamentary politicians had fallen, and both in Serbia and in Croatia there is a growing demand for a return to parliamentary government.

In dispensing with a Parliament, the new adminis-

tration hoped to achieve both popularity and internal consolidation by good government. A successful economic administration, it was felt, would free the peasant from the clutches of the professional politicians, and both in Serbia and in Croatia there would be an abatement of the spate of politics which has flooded the new State ever since its inception. This view of the situation was not necessarily incorrect. The King was and is popular with all sections of his people, and the murders in the Skupshtina were merely the culminating point in an ever-growing discontent with the futility of the politicians. The dictatorship had a great chance. If it has not yet thrown it away, it has, at any rate, not taken it. Many of the most pressing reforms which are essential for the economic consolidation of the country are hanging fire. The currency is not yet effectively stabilized. The foreign loan for which now for many months the Government has been negotiating is hardly likely to be obtained until the two main conditions necessary for the floating of any foreign loan—stability at home and tranquillity abroad—have been established.

It would be absurd to expect a miracle in Balkan administration within the short space of nine months, and doubtless the dictatorship, which is certainly not in any danger at the present moment, has still many opportunities to make good its defects. A bumper harvest—and this year the harvest has been exceptional—would be its best political asset in the same degree as a prosperous peasantry is the best foil against political propaganda. Much as one may sympathize with Serbian exasperation at the intransigence of unpractical Croat theoreticians like Dr. Trumbic, the Serbian character itself is hardly suited for the difficult task of conciliating the different racial elements which compose the population of Yugoslavia. A magnificent courage is unfortunately accompanied by an arrogant contempt for all other races, a contempt which amounts almost to xenophobia. The new reforms, especially if they are supplemented by an extension of local self-government, may effect much, but they can never be completely successful until they are accompanied by a spiritual change in the character of both Serbs and Croats.

THE MAGISTRATE'S CLERK

By A SOLICITOR

NOTWITHSTANDING the outcry we have had lately, what we are most suffering from is bad administration. Our laws, rules and regulations are not carried into practical effect. In a strict court things are done properly. In a slack court all kinds of irregularities occur. And the root of the trouble is the Clerk to the Justices.

Magistrates might be much better than they are. Appointments in some places are as blatantly political as ever. In others a seat on the bench is regarded as a reward for philanthropic work or liberal contributions to local hospitals. The last thing looked for is a judicial mind. But, broadly speaking, magistrates represent the ordinary man. With proper guidance they would play a useful part. But in many instances, and those where it is most needed, the guidance is lacking. The Clerk is appointed by the Justices and holds office during their pleasure. He is usually, though not always, a solicitor. In theory, he advises the magistrates on questions of law and procedure and takes notes of the evidence given. In practice, his position depends entirely on his own personality. In some courts he rules the bench, does all the talking, and virtually conducts the case both for prosecution and defence. In others, he is a mere taker of notes, ignored by his bench even on points of law. Sometimes he compels the justices to accept his

advice on law, but far too often he exists merely to find legal excuses for the course his bench wish to take. This last is usually an easy matter, for as a rule the clerk alone has any record of the evidence.

The worst evils arise, however, from the fact that in the majority of country courts the clerk is not debarred from private practice. In the larger towns he is almost always a whole-time man, and the difficulties which arise from the inherent weakness of his position are to a considerable extent remedied by publicity. But it is in the smaller provincial courts that police methods most need supervision and local influence of an undesirable kind most needs checking. In such courts the rule against disclosing previous convictions is useless, for the accused has generally been convicted by the very bench before whom he appears. In effect, the local police try most cases themselves, and all the magistrates do is to fix the punishment. The clerk, in the smaller courts, is usually a solicitor in private practice. Some at least of his bench are usually his clients, and so are many of those who appear in his court as prosecutors or defendants. In one mining district the clerk is secretary to the local mineowners' association. In another the clerk regularly acts for the police in prosecutions throughout the adjoining district. I mention these cases because both the clerks in question are men of absolute integrity and are influenced in their advice to the justices by nothing except the evidence before them. The prosecuting solicitor is, indeed, a little inclined to lean against the police when acting as clerk. But, as was said by the Lord Chief Justice in 1924, "It is of fundamental importance that justice should not only be done, but should manifestly and undoubtedly appear to be done."

There have been two cases lately (*R. v. Sussex Justices L.R.*, 1924, 1 K.B.D. 256, and *R. v. Essex Justices L.R.*, 1927, 2 K.B.D. 475) where the decisions of magistrates have been set aside owing to the possibility of bias on the part of their clerks, arising from professional interest in the subject-matter of the case. In one case the interest was merely technical, and in the other the clerk had not advised, but merely retired with the magistrates. The latest instance was a separation case, where the woman had consulted the solicitor's clerk at a branch office and had afterwards applied for a separation order. It was not suggested that the Justices' Clerk himself knew anything about the case from the consultation, but the absurd position is that either the lady or her husband might have been the most valued client of the Justices' Clerk, and, so long as he had not been professionally consulted in the particular matter, there would have been no legal ground for complaint. This is no theoretical grievance. It is one that constantly occurs in every-day practice. I have been told by clients of the threat having been used that they would be brought before such-and-such a bench, "and you know Mr. So-and-So, the clerk, is our solicitor." It constantly happens that brewers employ solicitors who are Magistrates' Clerks and incidentally Clerks to Licensing Justices. (It was proposed in 1902 that Clerks to Licensing Justices should not be allowed to practise in districts adjoining their own, but the proposal was dropped.) It is surely obvious that the interests of clients are likely to clash with the interests of justice. What would be thought if judges continued to practise at the Bar?

Another matter in need of reform is the close relation, in many country courts, between the Magistrates' Clerk's office and the police. It often happens that the clerk advises the police as to the necessary evidence when a summons is issued. He, or someone in his office, is usually told all about the case from the police point of view, often including much that cannot be given in evidence. This is clearly unfair to the defence. I have myself seen a Justices' Clerk, whose notes of evidence were probably of the usual

perfunctory description, borrow the proofs of evidence for the prosecution from the police to take with him when accompanying the magistrates on retirement to consider their decision. The growing custom of retirement adds very much to the influence of the Magistrates' Clerk. In many courts it is now usual for the bench to retire in all but the simplest cases, and privacy gives the clerk a free hand.

The remedy for what the *Law Journal* has described as "an admitted evil" is simple. Justices' Clerks should be debarred from private practice and should be made civil servants. Adequate salaries could be provided by grouping courts together. Most of the smaller courts sit once a week, some once a fortnight, and one clerk could serve several courts. The clerk would be independent of his bench, and might with advantage be transferred periodically to other districts. There would be virtually no additional cost. A further improvement would be to make the clerk the sole judge of law and procedure. At present his advice is by no means invariably taken. The importance of the work of the courts of summary jurisdiction has increased very much of late years, and the grievance which the poorer classes have always felt against the magistrates has spread, largely owing to motoring prosecutions, to the middle classes. The upper classes appear still to be privileged, though to a diminishing extent. It is becoming increasingly clear that the prisoner who troubles Quarter Sessions when he could elect to be dealt with summarily, need expect no mercy. If the magistrates' courts were strengthened as I suggest, it would be possible to get rid of that obsolete anachronism, Quarter Sessions, provided that an appeal to the local County Court Judge were given on questions of law and sentence.

It would be unfortunate if lay magistrates were done away with and stipendiaries substituted. Apart from question of patronage and officialdom, it is of the utmost importance that ordinary citizens should be in touch with the administration of justice, should know what is going on, and be to some extent responsible for it. The magistrates' courts affect the lives of the great majority of the people far more than the higher courts do. It is they, and they alone, who can see to it that police reforms are a reality and not a paper sham. And the key-stone of the magistrates' court is the Clerk to the Justices.

What I have said is based on personal experience, which is necessarily limited. It applies only to the provincial courts. But I have compared notes with practitioners from other parts of the country whose experience has been similar to mine. I make no attack on Justices' Clerks. As a class I believe they do their best in difficult circumstances. But the position of a Magistrates' Clerk with a private practice is absurd and impossible.

PLUMBING

BY RICHARD MALLETT

AT the moment there is a lull, but I do not think it can last for long. The man who is in the kitchen extracting the stove from the wall may have encountered some unexpected difficulty; the two men upstairs who are sawing a lead pipe in half, having taken up the floor for yards around in order to get at it, may have discovered that they are severing the wrong one. As for the large portions of ceiling which have suddenly ceased, in a startling and inexplicable manner, to fall with loud thuds on to the kitchen floor—well, quite possibly there is no more left to come down. In short, except for the fact that the gas and electricity are temporarily turned off, that rusty tanks and oven doors are strewn in glorious

profusion about the garden, that one trips over lengths of piping when one walks through the hall, that there is no carpet on the stairs, and that one has to go out of the front door and in at the back in order to reach the only tap through which any water can be obtained, one might suppose there was nothing out of the ordinary going on in the house. The fact is, however, that the hot-water system is being Seen To, for the first time in thirty years.

I cannot remember the circumstances of the most recent case, but I know that periodically a plumber or some great man who has the interests of the plumber at heart (as Mr. Churchill once had those of the brick-layer) protests against what is known as the Plumber Joke. It has no foundation, he says plaintively, in fact. Hitherto I have always thought he was right, for my memories of the plumber were dulled by time and belief in the fundamental goodness of humanity; but now I am not so sure. Consider my plumber. On Thursday, he announced that he would come without fail on the following Monday; unable to come on the following Monday, he swore that he would arrive the next Monday, at 9 a.m. At 11 a.m. on the next Monday he arrived, looked round doubtfully, and immediately went away again, and we saw no more of him until the afternoon. At three he came, appeared horrified to hear that the builder had not arrived, and said gloomily that he might be able to do something by himself. He did something by himself. He made a large hole in the kitchen wall and left at half-past four, saying he would be back with his mate at eight-thirty next morning.

At a quarter past nine next morning his mate and he arrived, and put in seven or eight minutes of intensive hammering; this done, they went away. We did not see the mate again that day. A few minutes later the original man returned and worked despairingly and with much noise on a refractory pipe for about three-quarters of an hour. Then he came and gruffly informed us that he would have to go up to the shop (nearly three miles away) and fetch a pair of pipe-cutters. He went. Three minutes after his departure a motor-van arrived from the shop with all his tools in a kind of coffin, which was dumped on the lawn, and a large vice, which was also dumped on the lawn. As soon as the van had gone it began to rain hard.

He came back by himself at three in the afternoon without the pipe-cutters, which were "out" on another job. He hoped to be able to get on without them. He could not do much until the builder came and removed the stove; but the builder was coming next morning for certain. He hammered away quite happily till five, knocking down a great deal of the ceiling and walls which he obligingly swept into neat heaps with a soft broom—our soft broom. He was touchingly grateful for a cup of tea.

Now, I may be prejudiced, but it seems to me that a trade of which these two men—I do not count the hypothetical builder—are representative, may be regarded as a legitimate foundation for all sorts of jokes. If there is really no "plumber type," how is it that all the plumbers I—and you—have ever met conform to it? Did you ever know a plumber who, after announcing that he would come and start work at a certain hour on a certain day, came punctually to the minute, brought all his tools with him, and worked solidly until it was time for him to stop? Be honest. Do not think vaguely in your good-natured way of plumbers in the mass, but of particular plumbers; think of each one separately, and remember the impotent fury to which he roused you at the time when your comfort depended on the speed of his work. Do this, and I believe you will agree with me.

You and I are completely at the mercy of our respective plumbers. They do with us as they will. My plumber is using my house for demonstrations:

a small languid boy is being taught "the trade." He has already proved himself extremely skilful at scooping channels in the ceiling, but his industry does not extend to sweeping up the dust he brings into the hall or removing the large blobs of half-solidified cement with which he decorates the electric light switches; and when offered a cup of tea he replies coldly, "All right." He has a nice face, this boy, but no gratitude. I do not doubt that he will make an excellent plumber.

The trouble with the plumber, I think, is his optimism. When he is asked what time he will arrive he names an hour he knows in his heart to be impossibly early, and when the time comes, quite naturally, he is late. No jokes about his punctuality would have arisen if he had not been so absurdly optimistic about it. The aged man who is so noisily extracting the kitchen stove never tires of telling me that everything will be finished by Wednesday night, and that from then onward I shall be able to have a 'ot bath fust thing in the morn'n' 'n go on 'avin' 'ot baths all day prac'ly, thanks to the new and remarkable stove he will soon be putting in; but in his conscience he knows that nothing will be finished before Saturday, if by then. Moreover, I shall be more than satisfied with one hot bath a day. Hot baths are bad for the system, and I read in mine as it is.

I admit that the plumber very seldom looks optimistic, but unless I contend that he does it all out of cussedness that is the only reason for his conduct I can put forward; and I have no desire at present to contend that he does it all out of cussedness. It is highly probable that there is some method of secret communication among plumbers, as there is among the tribes of Africa; and if it were discovered that I had tried to insult the profession in print there is no knowing how long I might have to wait for a bath.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

- ¶ *The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.*
- ¶ *Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.*

RATIONALIZATION OF CHARITIES

SIR,—The article contributed by Sir Herbert Morgan on 'Rationalization of Charities' is a timely one, as, with the exception of the United States, there is no country so generous as Great Britain to help deserving causes. Perhaps as an outcome some closer investigation might be made as to overlapping, also as to how many societies have outlived their purpose and, above all, to see that money invested in philanthropy should be well spent. It would be unwise to have any centralized control of charitable endeavour, as monopoly in certain hands even of social servants might act to the disadvantage of the public, also it might well prevent smaller societies doing untapped work from being assisted. I find in the field of migration, discharged prisoners, mission work, much duplication and interference with the domain of others with prior claim.

We could with profit study some of the schemes and the objects to which rich men give in the United States. I agree that money for salaries diverts less from the main object, but we must remember that an experienced social worker deserves remuneration and might save his society more than if the work were entrusted to the individual working without reward. Social service is a calling—those who cannot give without remuneration should not be handicapped. The hour may have arrived for the

inauguration of a journal to review charities and to discuss the causes for such movements. Then research work is needed. Lastly, let us eliminate the organizers of special appeals, on commission.

The time may come when kindly people will need an adviser of good works, just as one goes to one's solicitor or broker. It would surprise many if they knew what some societies actually are doing—preventing others from more energetic action. A History of Philanthropy of the British Isles and the rôle played in social legislation is overdue.

I am, etc.,

D. HALLIDAY MACARTNEY

Northumberland Avenue, W.C.2

MRS. EDDY

SIR,—As a disinterested person who has learned much from Mr. E. F. Dakin's excellent biography of Mrs. Eddy, I wish to protest strongly against the unfair and obviously biased attack on that book which appears over the signature "T." in your issue of October 5.

That Mr. Dakin dislikes the subject of his study, while your reviewer apparently admires her, does not justify the latter in accusing this industrious and careful writer of gross misrepresentation and prejudice. The statement that Mr. Dakin makes virtually no mention of Mrs. Eddy's work and writings is one which ought only to appear in partisan organs, such as the *Christian Science Monitor*, not in the *SATURDAY REVIEW*. Mr. Dakin's account of these being in fact most clear and discerning.

The whole book is documented with admirable fullness, and no judgment on any important matter is left to be taken on the author's sole authority. I fear that all the charges of bias, prejudice and the rest rebound in this case from Mr. Dakin on to the head of your reviewer.

I am, etc.,

Cavendish Club,

119 Piccadilly, W.1

N. H. ROMANES

THE "MARK"

SIR,—Your Agricultural Correspondent in his article on the "Mark" suggests that chilled steak when cooked is difficult to masticate, and proceeds to inform his readers that "if British beef eats like old boots it is the cook and not the butcher who is to blame."

On the contrary, chilled meat, because it has been subjected to proper hanging, cooks tender, and British non-chilled beef is notoriously tough because it is not hung long enough in suitable surroundings to ensure it being tender on sale.

The English butcher sets his face sternly against the idea of public abattoirs which afford proper treatment of meat under sanitary conditions. In these circumstances the "Mark" has to fulfil wider guarantees than those given at present.

I am, etc.,

F. C. CRACKNELL

294 Knighton Lane, Leicester

POE AND STOKE NEWINGTON

SIR,—I regret to have to say that my friend, Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe, is quite mistaken about the connexion between Edgar Allan Poe and Stoke Newington. Poe's guardian, John Allan, brought him to England in 1815 and sent him first of all to a grammar school in Scotland, then to the Misses Dubourg's boarding school in Sloane Street, and finally, in 1817, to a school kept by the Rev. Dr. Bransby at Stoke Newington. Dr. Bransby's bills are still extant, and we may regard them—as no doubt John Allan did—as being first-rate evidence for this phase of Poe's education. The house, so

far as I can make out, has disappeared, but apparently it stood close to the old parish church and, appropriately enough, to a spot where was afterwards erected the Juvenile Department of the Public Library. There are still enough old houses of a similar type in the neighbourhood (which seem to have eluded Mr. Priestley's observation) to give an idea of what the village was like in Poe's time.

While I am on this point, I might remark that Mr. Priestley's exploration of Clissold Park seems also to have missed the corner enclosed by Clissold House, the New River, and the churchyard of Old St. Mary's, in which the bowling-green stands, and which is, in my judgment, as beautiful a thing as can be found in any of the London parks. But his inspection of Stoke Newington was admittedly rather superficial.

It is quite true, as Mr. Ratcliffe says, that Poe "invented his own past." I should say, myself, that he lied about it wholesale. But the legend which his later biographers (beginning with Woodberry) have exploded, is that of his *second* sojourn in Europe, invented by him in the first place to account for the period he spent under the name of Edgar A. Perry as (marvellous to relate) a sergeant-major in the U.S. Army. His first visit, as a child, is perfectly well authenticated, and a full account of it may be found in the massive biography written by Mr. Hervey Allen, whom, I suppose, Mr. Ratcliffe has in mind when he speaks of "Hervey." It has not, so far as I know, ever been questioned.

I am, etc.,

EDWARD SHANKS

122 Green Lane,

Northwood, Middlesex

'BRITISH DOCUMENTS ON THE ORIGINS OF THE WAR'

SIR,—The attention of the editors of 'British Documents of the 'Origins of the War' has been called to a query in your friendly notice of Volume IV of September 7. Your reviewer asks "where is the map of Persia which should face page 620?" The editors took a lot of trouble to have this map drawn—to include all the places mentioned—and are sorry to find that in a few of the earlier copies it was omitted. H.M. Stationery Office have, however, expressed their willingness to replace this, whenever requested by the owner of a copy. But it is believed that this omission only occurred in a few of the advance copies.

I am, etc.,

34 Lensfield Road,
Cambridge

HAROLD TEMPERLEY

"WHEN NOAH SAILED . . ."

SIR,—I should be very grateful if you could enlighten me as to the source of this tribute to the age-long veracity of the angling fraternity. I heard it once, years ago, but can only remember the opening lines:

When Noah sailed the seas of old
With Japheth, Ham and Shem,
When they fished for ichthyosauri
This charge he laid on them; etc. . . .

It contains an explanation of the unanimous credence lent to Jonah's message by the Ninevites:

By the prophet's tale of a wondrous whale
We know that his story's true.

I have an idea that the author was a member of the episcopal bench and that the poem once appeared in *Punch*.

I am, etc.,

The Vicarage,

Blundellsands, Liverpool

B. SELWYN SMITH

THE THEATRE THE HOUSING PROBLEM

By IVOR BROWN

Follow Through. Songs by De Sylva, Brown and Henderson. Additional lyrics by Desmond Carter. Staged and produced by Leslie Henson and Firth Shephard. Dances and ensembles by Arthur Apell. Musical ensembles and orchestration by Alfred Goodman. The Dominion Theatre.

THE new Dominion Theatre, which enjoys a pleasant view of the super-Corner House that rose on the ruins of the Oxford Music Hall, begins in the Tottenham Court Road and marches magnificently eastward. It is enormous, it is comfortable, it is of a cool, silvery splendour, and it is remarkably cheap. You can sit in the front row and watch a cast as long as the Pennines and soaring to a Hensonian summit for seven shillings and sixpence (tax extra), and for those who have seven shillings and sixpence I strongly advise a seat in the front row or near it. Since the performers seem to be somewhere in the neighbourhood of the British Museum, it is just as well for the spectator not to be too close to Frascati's.

The management has endeavoured to do an excellent thing. To meet the competition of the cinema the out-of-date theatres have to be razed to the ground and new ones must be built. The Dominion, replacing the foaming vats of Meux, has a good site and all the modern advantages. It is not, like most London theatres, a highly organized system of draughts, dungeons and discomforts. You can actually sit and look on without cramp of the neck or knees. In front of the gigantic auditorium are halls and halls and halls, innocent, I think, of goldfish and other symbols of splendour deemed indispensable to a "motion picture cathedral," but abounding in lackeys notably caparisoned and in maidens equally adorned. Nobody could turn aside contemptuously from the Dominion and strut away to the pictures saying that the theatre was a dingy hole and that those who spend half-a-crown have a right to a show of marble and a covey of men-servants for their money. The Dominion gives to every playgoer a proper and padded receptacle for his person, carpets so soft that he can fall asleep on them, and a reasonable view of the stage. And all for prices that compete with cinema rates.

Unfortunately, the public is unlikely to come in unless there is a gigantic production and a star cast. If you are going to pay three or four hundred pounds a week in wages to the chorus as a mere incidental item of the expense, it is plain that you must draw a weekly income running well up into the thousands. This can be done in fairly small theatres where the policy for musical shows and revues is to charge anything up to a pound for a stall, but, if the top price is to be seven shillings and sixpence, the only possible way to make both ends meet is to have acres of floor space in order to house an audience as big as a football crowd. But football crowds are concerned with seeing, not with hearing. There lies the problem of the "super-theatre" which is intended to be the economic rival of the "super-cinema." It has to be so vast and so comfortable that in giving a view to all it puts a serious strain upon the ears. Can we build theatres so large that they can stage, at popular prices, sumptuous musical plays with starry and colossal companies and also build them so cunningly that everybody can hear what is being said?

At the first night of 'Follow Through' I was in the front row of the dress circle, and even there I had to work hard to hear what was going on. I cannot say whether the bad temper of the balconyites (as the galleryites have now become) and the booing of Mr. Henson at the end of the show were due entirely to

a weariness with humour which began in the clubhouse of golf, passed from tee to green, and returned to the nineteenth hole with as earnest a concentration on the game as ever turned one of God's galloping majors into an accumulation of woods and irons. Mr. Henson toiled nobly to give us all the fun of the fozzle, brought down a brace of pheasants with his first shot from the tee, and loyally served the author's conviction that the slice of a golfer's life is as good for musical comedy as any other *tranche de vie*. But the sad truth is that we are not all members of "Sunningworth," and that in our ideas of a joke we cannot all, despite Mr. Henson, be devotees. But I do not suppose that the excess of niblicks, knickerbockers, parti-coloured shoes and other more hilarious offerings of the sports outfitter was the only cause of the trouble; I imagine that the immense distance of "the gods" from the stage was another irritant and lively source of the divine discontent.

There is no theatrical experience more vexatious than communion with the semi-silent drama, that is with the spoken word which, for reasons of incapacity in the actor or unsuitability of the house, just reaches the ear with sufficient strength to tease it. Everybody starts mumbling to his neighbour, "What was that, what did he say?" which, of course, only further blunts the hearing and sharpens the temper. Yet the new "anti-talkie" theatres must be cheap if they are to live, and must be huge if they are to be cheap. If huge, how is one to hear? Are playgoers to have marble halls and alabaster Colossea in which the spectacle and the dancing are to be all, and the spoken word an irrelevant whisper on which nobody sets any value? If that is so, we have achieved the master-paradox. In order to combat the cinema which talks we build a stage which cannot! Could irony go further?

But we need not despair yet. After all, the range of acting, as of gun-fire, is relative. The old music-hall comedian who had, with his own single powers, to win an instant victory over a huge assembly of coughing, smoking, chattering, glass-rattling people, knew the secret of a long-distance performance. He could project his whole personality along with his voice; he defied distance and silenced the chattering opposition of the promenade. The new audience is a very huge audience, but it is also a very quiet one and the job of reaching and retaining its attention ought not to be outside the normal powers even in so large a house as the Dominion if the old acting technique is employed once more. Mr. Henson has it; he is small by nature but large in art; no stage can swallow up his absurdity. But his chief partner in the piece, Miss Ada May, an American "cutie" and neat little "hooper" with the right easy impudence, is obliterated by the enormous frame of the Dominion stage. The great comedienne of English vaudeville had a much ampler technique; they knew that they had to hammer home the kind of jest at which Miss May only hints. Naturally Miss May can rely on good notices, so long as the critics are in the stalls, for she is amply clever in her flipperty-gibberty style of fun. But what if the critics had all been at the back of the gallery? Fortunately for Miss Ivy Tresmand, her exquisite dancing carries her through a wilderness of golf and her part is otherwise such a trivial one that she may as well be infrequently heard so long as she is frequently seen. Miss Elsie Randolph whacks it across rather better, but the author's notion of the whackable stuff is unkind to her. Mr. Mark Lester spends the evening looking for a part as it were a lost golf-ball. There is one scene with Mr. Henson in which he nearly finds it. The two, for purposes of investigation, pretend to be engaged on a trifle of plumber's work in the ladies' dressing room at the golf-club and the situation naturally affords some humours of espionage which must be as old as the first comic revs of the pagan village, but which comes in as something quite

fresh and heartening amid the jazz and jumpers and club-swinging choruses of musical comedy golf.

'Follow Through' has neither brilliant score nor brilliant book. But it has an excellent company and repairs to the piece are obviously possible. Let some of the golf be cut and a supper-dance at "Sunningworth" be introduced. Above all, let all the players think of a rather deaf man at the back of a balcony two parishes away. Mere shouting is of no use; long-distance acting is a more complicated business than that. But it is a business which has got to be learned if we are going to build super-theatres with thousands of moderately-priced seats in order to fight the kinema. The player in these new palaces must realize that he is competing on even terms with the canned voices of the talkies and must be as megaphonic as he can without loss of his humanity and its magnetism.

ART

TERRAIN VAGUE

BY WALTER BAYES

Paintings by Mr. Hal Woolf. *Redfern Gallery*.
 Paintings by Mr. Clause. *Goupil Gallery*.
 Paintings by Mr. Ernest Stock. *Beaux Arts Gallery*.
 Exhibition of New International Group. *Godfrey Phillips Galleries*.
 Exhibition of Paintings, Drawings, etc. *West Wing, Regent's Park*.
 The Twenty-one Gallery.

THE autumn picture season opens in somewhat disquieting fashion with a number of small shows, several of which leave the critic in a hopeless position. The New International Group and the shows of Messrs. Hal Woolf and Ernest Stock display once more how general is the homage paid by the younger generation to the newer movement, and how universally a certain mastery of its methods are won, but they show also how slender is the content of the whole school, and, above all, how little "bite" these works have on the mind. The exigencies of an "omnibus article" make me write of certain of these pictures some little while after I have seen them. I cannot recall them individually at all.

This, you will say, is not a criticism but a confession. The mind of the jaded reviewer with its fresh impressionability gone is no longer "wax to receive and marble to return." But that is not the case: some months back I happened to see the portrait of a horse and two grooms by Stubbs, which is on loan at the Tate Gallery, and I am sure I shall never forget it. I have no difficulty in remembering for a time at least the charming little Camden Town picture by the late Spencer Gore, which I saw at the Twenty-One Gallery, though everything else in that collection has faded away completely, despite an occasional scribbled note in the catalogue, the earnest of pious intentions.

Doubtless this is all to the good, and a reasonably high level of illegibility in his notes should be demanded of every art critic. How, on the other hand, is he to write of works which if not absolutely devoid of merit remain all contentedly at the same level of achievement? I am conscious that Mr. Hal Woolf showed some sense of the characteristic placing of figures in a street scene, but that he was very diffuse, and that within the restricted compass of a small exhibition he seemed already to repeat himself. Of the New International Group, the Preface of the catalogue remarks that "this is an intensely individual age" and that "in this group the difference of outlook is noticeable in a National as well as a personal sense." In fact, it is only one more demonstration of the fact that in the modern mode of painting nationality disappears more than ever it did;

Algerians, French, Spaniards, Germans, Belgians or Poles are indistinguishable from what we are accustomed to think of as typically modern English painters. Senor Sola (Spain) has a slight sketch, 'Les deux femmes' (32), which has something of the liquid feminine sensibility of Renoir and his flaccidity at the same time. Mr. Geoffrey Nelson (England) has a 'Landscape in the Pyrenees' (16), which is a workmanlike colour scheme, the massive theme of which is somewhat weakened by a too easy tolerance of thin forms not necessary to its development, and the 'Paysage du Midi' of M. Tavano (Poland) is a typical example in the Cézanne convention where meagre forms are expected to play a very important part in the plastic scheme. They do so the less satisfactorily because, as is usual with painters of this period, they are rendered with a surely studied clumsiness. A renaissance painter, had he accorded such importance to the like shapes, would have brought to the handling of the passage an elegant precision which would have imparted a certain nobility were it only that of calligraphy.

It would be absurd, of course, to think of these painters as having aimed at such precision and failed. The typical modern attitude (the confused scramble of M. Gilmont's landscapes offers a typical example) is rather that a shambling approach is a sign of genuineness in a painter. The proposition of the modern wit, who, apropos of the old opposition of dignity to impudence, laid down that "Dignity is impudence," would seem to have been accepted wholeheartedly by these artists and been accommodated with certain riders, "distinction is commonness," "cleverness is stupidity"—to the easy purveyor of paradox these dicta may be indefinitely multiplied. And yet through all this democratization of painting, with its acceptance of the personal weaknesses of the artist as part of the quality of the picture, my conviction remains that to make paint say something with brilliant clarity is what marks a painter, just as clear and direct speech marks the speaker. In an assembly of accomplished speakers a wobbling and stuttering delivery may seem touching and a guarantee of high sincerity. But if everyone cultivates a habit of inarticulate muttering it ceases to be impressive, and is far more tiring than professional competence. Above all, the man who stammers is debarred from anything beyond a short speech. We are but human.

Leaving the "New International," I note that Mr. Ernest Stock's work is at least swift and direct in its delivery, best perhaps in his pastels 'Notre Dame' (8) and 'Typical Bank Façade' (28). He avoids the common fault of over-articulating small figures in his landscapes, but then when they occupy a more important part of the composition they are still of the same stubby clumsiness so that we suspect him of being hardly a master of articulate figure-drawing. At the Goupil Gallery Mr. Clause has the virtue of staying power—of seeing a picture through to the bitter end. Hardly artistic qualities some might say, but here they would be wrong, for all human qualities have their place in the artistic sphere. It is only when some have been overworked that we become for a time impatient of them. Mr. Clause has a certain resemblance to Professor Rothenstein by reason of his attempt to graft these virtues on the impressionist method of painting, and perhaps neither artist has quite adequately felt how inevitably that technique goes with a certain lightness, even a certain superficiality, how little it lends to emphasis. In the hands of Mr. Clause it is apt to lead to compilation. He is rather pitilessly insistent on separating figures from their surroundings even into the depths of shadow, and seems as though he could paint very fully an oleander tree in a given lighting before he had made up his mind what figure was going to stand alongside it, where we would

prefer that he should lightly note just the few characteristics which emerge in that particular comparison.

The West Wing in Regent's Park is an admirable suite of rooms beautifully adapted for the showing of pictures. I conjecture that this exhibiton has in some sort been promoted by Her Highness Princess Pilar of Bavaria, who occupies one room with her work.

BROADCASTING

WITH reproductions of the picture before one, it was enthralling to follow Mr. Roger Fry while he explained the concatenation of lines and the relationship of planes in a statue by Michelangelo and one group from a painting by Botticelli. Mr. Fry is one of the few living art critics who, by using a method of technical, it might almost be termed scientific analysis, lays bare the aesthetics, the very emotional content, of a picture. Probably that is the only way to write about art. The "emotional reaction" method has been long since found wanting. Mr. Fry is a keen critic, and it is unfortunate that his lucid manner should be handicapped by a bad microphone delivery. His second talk (I did not hear the first) was often made difficult in this way. For all that it was an inspiring occasion. Surely he is the first expert looker-at-pictures (who can sit for hours before a stationary canvas) to envy the listener-to-music (who has to trust to his memory to correlate a perpetually shifting series of evanescent sounds).

*

The last note of the 1929 "Prom" season having been played exactly a week ago makes it suitable to review what has been achieved in all this long series of broadcast concerts. The programmes have been omnivorous but less scrappy than usual. There has been a lack of modern French music. Trusting to memory I cannot recall performance of more than a couple of Debussy's or Ravel's finest works. An outstanding event has been the large amount of British music. Results have fully justified the bold policy of the Corporation here. There has been some weak stuff, not at all "of native worth," but mainly the music has been highly reputable. Elgar set the pace for fine workmanship and grandeur of conception in the symphony and the remarkable Enigma variations. Vaughan Williams has shown another side of our temperament with the London Symphony and the Concerto Accademico. There has been Mr. Arthur Bliss's interesting two-pianoforte concerto and the strange Hymn to Apollo. And lastly the two young hopefuls: Mr. Constant Lambert with the arresting Music for Orchestra and, most imposing of all, Mr. William Walton's viola concerto, a work surely of key-importance. So far the B.B.C. has earned our gratitude, though not for the inclusion of some of their own, closely-related, products.

*

The impression that remains from Dean Inge's talk is one of a healthy pessimism, which is not beyond owing to a certain hopefulness at this moment. Informed listeners—those who have heard this speaker before or read his frequent lucubrations—will not have been much disconcerted by what he had to say in this instance. Evidently the promoters of the "Points of View" series are going to reap a full harvest of protests.

*

Here is a condensed list of the more important broadcasts for the coming week. Monday: The Point of View of Mr. George Bernard Shaw (2LO). Tuesday: Mr. Vernon Bartlett on 'The Adventure of Peace' (2LO), Mr. W. F. Marshall on 'Tyrone Worthies' (Belfast), Major C. V. Godfrey on 'Traffic

Control' (North of England), Mr. A. A. MacGregor on 'The Great Bernera' (Scotland). Wednesday: Lord D'Abernon on the Economic Mission to South America, Mr. Shaw's 'Captain Brassbound's Conversion' (2LO). Friday: Delius Festival Concert (from Queen's Hall), Sir Oliver Lodge on 'The Beginnings of Electric Lighting' (2LO). Saturday: Mr. G. M. Thomson on 'If I were Dictator of Scotland' (Scotland).

CONDOR

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—189

SET BY T. EARLE WELBY

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an epitaph, in not more than six lines of rhymed verse, on a Film "fan." The epitaph must have relevance to that main passion of his life, and not be simply such as might be inscribed for any deceased person.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a set of the six most plausibly fatuous questions put by a popular newspaper to six of those whom it would regard as leaders of contemporary English thought. The names of those leaders should be given at the outset.

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 189a, or LITERARY 189b).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of the rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, October 21. The results will be announced in the issue of October 26

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 187

SET BY HUMBERT WOLFE

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the completion of a sonnet of which the first two lines are:

I had rather have the swift swans passing over
In a white swoon of beauty, and so lost,

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an essay of not more than 300 words "In defence of Adjectives."

REPORT FROM MR. WOLFE

Once again, as in other competitions that I have set in these pages, the verse entries are on a different plane from the prose entries. So much so that, though numerous writers defended adjectives, only one appeared to deserve the laurel. On the other hand, it would have been in my view definitely unfair to exclude from reward at least three of the sonnets submitted. I make my recommendations accordingly.

The verse competition was unusually difficult, first because line one improperly (though deliberately) had twelve syllables, and secondly because both the rhymes are difficult. Nevertheless, I can assure Kenneth

We indeed that the lines were not meant "as a parody upon a certain school of modern poetry." In spite of the difficulties, not a few, of the SATURDAY REVIEW poets contrived to produce admirable work. Pastiche must forgive me if my admiration for his last couplet:

For pure Perfection, migrant to its clime,
Will slip between the minutes out of time.

is somewhat abated by his use in other lines of the dazzling words "Porphyrogenites" and "Periapt." Pibwob displayed his usual accomplishment, but his sonnet suggests that he secretly disliked the first two lines. Lavengro did far better in the line

Rather the sweet brevity of beauty alter

than in the other thirteen. Valimus had a brilliant phrase in "their turbulent and snaky host," but I cannot myself accept as satisfactory the line:

In green and slimy depths the slimy ghost.

Marion Peacock looked like a winner till she reached the breathless spondee of the last couplet, which for me had the effect of brakes put on suddenly to avoid a skid. David Nomad, as always, is difficult not to place among the first, if only for his exquisite penmanship. But in spite of his amiable association of the setter of the competition with William Shakespeare, neither of his sonnets takes a prize, though the lighter one gave me pause with the delicious final sextet:

Saint-Saëns (to whom be peace!) ne'er guessed, I wis,
His Cygne would help a sonneteer to sing;
And Mr. Wolfe (your health, Sir!) never dreamt
His silver swans would fly as low as this:
Great Lester Ralph, sweet Pibwob, garlands bring
To comfort his sad heart for this attempt.

R. Hartman deserves mention for the cheerful impudence of his attack on swans as liable to interfere with the ambition of the angler. There remain E. H., Olim, Betty Scorer and None-go-by. E. H. alone of the competitors has retained the twelve-syllable cadence throughout. Olim has with genuine sincerity brought in his Divine image. Betty Scorer, with a little weakness in the second quatrain, ends extremely well, while None-go-by has in the last two lines of the octet written poetry. I find it difficult to choose. I suggest, however, that the first prize should be awarded to None-go-by, a second prize be given to E. H., and to Betty Scorer (names and addresses, please!), and that Olim be printed in full.

That leaves one prize over for Competition B, which I suggest should be awarded to David Nomad for his amusing parody of Mr. Belloc. James Hall, H. P. Dixon, R. H. Pomfret, F. D. Merralls and Pibwob all deserve mention for their efforts.

FIRST PRIZE

I had rather have the swift swans passing over
In a white swoon of beauty, and so lost,
Than plead with love to stay, and see my lover
Grow spectral as some older lover's ghost.
I had rather fly with that flying once. And after
Walk alone with a fire in my breast,
Than bid love stand, who is winged like the swans,
who is swifter
Than they are swift, who is bound like these for the
West.

If I shoe my feet for the slow path, where love went
His pinioned way, if I follow the swan sign
With staff and scrip, shall not the lonely movement
Of music from his heart sound again in mine
And draw me the last league to that shining end,
Where love waits for his pilgrim, and his friend?

NONE-GO-BY

SECOND PRIZE (1)

I had rather have the swift swans passing over
In a white swoon of beauty, and so lost,
Than keep them mine with great wings clipped and crossed
Tamed to the level boundaries of the river.

I had rather see them go and hear the shiver
And drumming of cold high air by strong wings tossed
And know that they are going and count the cost
Than call them down to have them enslaved for ever.
Sin against Life would be to feed my eyes
On lovely double gangers of swan-souls oaring
Slowly, slowly in dead beauty on river and lake:
I will flame like a sword to keep them from paradise,
Drive them up the wind on nimbus their thirst to slake,
Let them pass, withdrawn from me, to their own fulfilment
soaring.

E. H.

SECOND PRIZE (2)

I had rather have the swift swans passing over
In a white swoon of beauty, and so lost,
For where the curved moon leans towards her lover
The mist-pale lad, a thousand years a ghost;
(Has she forgotten, quite how long ago
Endymion was mortal?) And they fly
On humming wings—swifter than dreams, below
The drifting clouds about the moon—and I
Would rather have it thus—than if the night
Were full of human sounds—now you are gone
I have no need of any other light
Nor would I have the wealth of stars alone.
I watch the white swans, flying in a swoon
Of beauty to the pale love-tortured moon.

BETTY SCORER

COMMENDED

I had rather have the swift swans passing over
In a white swoon of beauty, and so lost,
Than they should linger till the sightless frost,
Trapped in a frozen lake each wide-winged rover.
So too might we depart ere we discover
The slow numbed senses and their better cost,
Ere Love's great sweeping wings by death are crossed
And mortal man be then no more a lover.
Yet have I heard how One endured this all,
Bore the grim bondage of our human losses,
Hands, feet and heart, frozen to five red scars,
And trapped by hate without the City Wall
Yet drew all men from their cold mortal crosses
To walk with Him among the swift white stars.

OLIM

WINNING ENTRY—COMPETITION B

My little friends, you are abominably wrong: an adjective is a poem, and that is the end of the matter. But, mind you, I am talking of true, Christian, God-fearing adjectives. As for your pronominal adjectives, your quantitative adjectives, your adjectives demonstrative, interrogative, Higher-Critical and pseudo-philosophical—why, burn me all such, I say, for they are no poems, but the off-scourings of our noble speech.

Now if you would know the true adjective, you must read Homer, if you can, for he was a very great poet, and first imagined the rosy-fingered dawn. But if you have no Greek (God pity you!), then you must buy the works of Shakespeare, who was a very great poet indeed, and had a noble great vision of the multitudinous seas. But if you have no money, why then you may twiddle your thumbs and be damned to you.

[EDITOR: Remember! Only three hundred words! AUCTOR: A plague on the man!]

There are some that would make one adjective last a whole year, and that is well enough, provided they have wrought a true adjective. Your Shropshire lad was such a one, and though 'tis an ill county, I grant you he made a few proper adjectives that satisfy the soul like wine. But we must not get talking of wine, for your Editor has starved us down to three hundred words, as though a man could do anything in such a little space save berate and belabour him for a niggard.

As for your detestable heretics who wickedly imagine that adjectives need defending, they are churls and nincompoops to a man. Such donkeys will be asking us to put broad Sussex in the dock (which God forbid!), or expecting us to defend the noble institutions of Inns. Now concerning Inns—

[EDITOR: Stop!]

AUCTOR: But I have scarcely. . . .]

Cetera (unfortunately) Desunt.

DAVID NOMAD

BACK NUMBERS—CXLVI

THE 'nineties had a nice taste in names, and indeed some of the literary names of the period had the look of having been designed by a guild of art-workers. There was very notably the respected name of Mr. Selwyn Image, a good craftsman in verse, and more than that, for limited as was his range of emotion he had genuine poetical feeling, severely governed by the rather stiff patterns in which he worked. Then there was the very much more popular and even more obviously appropriate name of Mr. Richard Le Gallienne. The name at least is destined to immortality. As to Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's work, once torn to bits in an exceptionally savage notice in the SATURDAY, who can say? It represented a certain mode, and whatever has done that has a chance of surviving in histories of literature, which tend to be histories of what was once esteemed rather than of the permanently estimable.

Several of his books had considerable success. 'Prose Fancies' went into its third edition, as a copy before me records, in a couple of years. 'The Religion of a Literary Man,' about which a famous poet and scholar said that it differed in no way from the Irreligion of an Unliterary Man, excited a good deal of discussion. The 'George Meredith' was for some years pretty generally regarded as the best of introductions to its subject. 'The Quest of the Golden Girl' was really popular. Two volumes of verse were thought to put Mr. Richard Le Gallienne with or but little below the four or five poets of whom one still thinks when the 'nineties are mentioned. As a reviewer he was for a while influential, not undeservedly in so far as he was eager to detect new talent and generous in praise. And then, at or before the change of fashion, he disappeared into America, whence there have come to us here but faint echoes of that once familiar voice.

That he did some literary good in the 'nineties is not to be doubted. Besides being a susceptible reviewer, he was literary adviser to a firm of publishers, and that firm, though the contrary was an article of popular faith, badly needed lessons in preciosity. The late Mr. John Lane, who ejected Beardsley from the *Yellow Book*, and allowed that periodical to lose all significance after its fourth number, who was credulous about Stephen Phillips, and who missed at least a dozen writers and artists very much to his adopted purpose, had neither understanding of the 'nineties nor liking for most of the typical figures of the period. He was a very able man, and he knew how to play his cards, but he needed someone to put them into his hand. Mr. Richard Le Gallienne is understood to have been one of the best of his helpers in those days. And even in criticism proper he scored at times. It was not a bad thing, as epigrams go, to say that the pre-Raphaelite poetry was a rib taken from the side of Keats, and it was a judicious reservation in a eulogy of Mrs. Meynell's prose to say that she did not leave her words quite enough room to breathe.

The trouble with Mr. Richard Le Gallienne was a lack of austerity, an ineradicable belief that putting on a velvet suit and ogling the Muses are the beginning and almost the end of what is required of the artist in literature. Almost every ideal of the period is somewhere reflected in his work, and a little

cheapened in the reflection. He went a little way towards being a decadent, without even for a moment perceiving how much exasperated idealism there is in any significant perversion and how much resolution it needs to play the Devil's disciple. A poet of the period, very well aware of what he was about, was writing brief, impressionistic lyrics of London life and celebrating amours which began on the pavement; Mr. Richard Le Gallienne had his lines about "nocturnal doves" and his deplorable verses about youth marching from tavern to tavern "with an armful of girl and a heartful of song." Almost every considerable contemporary in the group was paying or was to pay the full price; but for Mr. Le Gallienne's imagination the wages of sin was prettiness, and the reward of virtue the same.

He had, to be sure, his own speciality, a kind of erotic-domestic sentiment which made one feel dreadfully uncomfortable, as if one were an eavesdropper. Also, he had the habit of using phrases without any regard to meaning, as when, in an elegy on Robert Louis Stevenson which has some good lines, he called him "Virgil of prose." A more inept compliment can never have been produced. We cannot even guess what suggested the possibility of so impossible a comparison. Of a heroine of his he said, this time in prose, that she had a face like frozen wind. On a hint from the seventeenth-century poets, he abounded in conceits, without an effort after the intellectual basis they have in his models. Whatever looked pretty or sounded pretty he took for his own. The "fancy and familiarity" of Leigh Hunt's programme were reproduced by him, but fancy became mere fancifulness and the familiarity meant taking rather silly liberties. The most of his love poetry was the poetry of what his new country called "petting parties."

In verse, however, he managed to write two pieces which Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch thought worth putting into 'The Oxford Book of English Verse' and four or five others that might give pleasure to even a good judge in some relaxed mood. But verse is not the test; for, given such a vein of poetical sentiment as is common enough and a skill with the instrument not more remarkable than the average pianist's with his, a man may have the luck to produce two or three pretty good poems in a lifetime. He will have no luck, on anything like those terms, with prose.

Look at the case of the late F. W. H. Myers, who discovered or was visited by a curious metre in his 'St. Paul,' and by it alone was made intermittently a poet, though the celebrant of a much too precious Paul, and in whose ornate prose it is often possible to transpose epithets, even whole clauses, without affecting such meaning as lurks in the paragraph. With Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, prose was intended not to express anything exactly apprehended but to collect honey from every available source. *Ex forti dulcedo*, we know; but when it exudes from the weak? And yet one has a sneaking regard for Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's work. Bad as much of it was, it was produced in the endeavour to convince people that their own age was romantic, that wonderful persons still existed, that England was still a nest of singing birds; and if it also suggested that the Golden Girl was round the next corner, who are we in this decade to quarrel with that guilt-edged insecurity?

STET

REVIEWS

JULES VERNE

BY EDWARD SHANKS

Novels by Jules Verne. Selected and Edited by H. C. Harwood. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

THE persistence of the fame of Jules Verne is one of those things which it is not easy for an adult observer to determine. On the face of it there are reasons why these books should no longer be read by new generations. Mr. Harwood points out that in many directions "invention has outrun imagination." As he says, Verne must have been in his teens "before he was astonished by the sight of that quaint old thing, a railway train," and the predictions of that age are now necessarily often fulfilled and become commonplace, or exhausted of interest by the fact that the foundations on which they were based have been exploded and forgotten. Another reason is that Verne's stories, fresh and original as they were when they were written, were composed upon a somewhat primitive pattern. To quote Mr. Harwood again, "Verne was not a good stylist, and he frequently padded with useful knowledge an otherwise straightforward story." The second clause of this judgment is, if anything, too mildly expressed. Verne lost no conceivable opportunity of interrupting his story to insert pages of knowledge which may or may not be useful but which is certainly, from the point of view of the construction of the narrative, irrelevant. Moreover, the reader cannot avoid the suspicion that a good deal of this is padding in the worst sense, that is to say, that it is extraneous matter, obtained without great labour and inserted in order to increase the number of pages for sale.

Now the modern writer of stories of the sort invented by Jules Verne has a wider range of scientific possibilities on which to draw, and has no longer to deal with a juvenile public resigned to the idea that educational powder is an essential companion of fictional jam. Verne used to be commended to the young on the express ground that he would teach them while he amused them. I do not know any contemporary author of whom this is said. And undoubtedly the art of writing fiction solely for the purpose of helping the reader to pass the time has made great strides during the last twenty or thirty years or so, strides away from the crudity of Verne's didactic method. The modern writer for boys believes that what his public desires is a stream of exciting events, not perpetual digressions on the habits of the jelly-fish.

To us, who read him while he was still writing or not long after, these defects have their own charm. I cannot very clearly remember whether, in the early years of the century, I used to skip the dissertations on natural history with which the pages of 'Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea' are so liberally bestrewn. I know that now I read them with delighted attention, and the more so the more crudely they are introduced. That particular pleasure will not, however, prolong indefinitely the fame of the author who communicates it. If Jules Verne is appreciated now only by the middle-aged (an appreciation he unquestionably enjoys) there will soon come a time when he will be appreciated by no one. Are his works still creating for themselves a youthful public of the sort which used to read them for their own sake and not because there was about them a kind of antiquarian flavour? And, if so, by means of what quality do they do so?

So far as I can judge, the first of these questions must be answered in the affirmative. The present

volume contains a bibliography which, from the terms in which it is presented, and from the fact that it certainly does not contain all the books Verne wrote, or even all that have been published in English, I take to be in fact a list only of those at this moment available in print. And this list contains the titles of thirty-three volumes. Such evidence is valuable and goes far to confirm the inconclusive but copious evidence afforded by personal enquiries and impressions. The younger generation, though one can find a dozen impressive critical reasons why it should not, continues to find Jules Verne to its taste.

This can only be because he was a romancer with something in him that is independent of the accidents of time. It is significant, I think, that still one of the two best-known of his books (and, in the judgment of many, his best) is that which most flaunts its out-of-dateness in its title. The time which Phileas Fogg took to go round the world suggests to us now a journey of almost ridiculous leisureliness, and no one who was in search merely of imagined marvels would be drawn to read it. But Verne's vigour and vivacity have preserved in its pages a sense of the adventure which it then was. Means of transport have been improved, but the impassive and methodical Mr. Fogg is a figure of wonder on a plane where these trifling changes cease to have any importance. Verne is, as Mr. Harwood remarks, rather a caricaturist than a portraitist, but there are life and humour in his caricatures. Moreover, he is capable of serious creation in the same bold and effective lines. Captain Nemo, melancholy, enigmatic and ruthless, holds the imagination with his unexplained secret to such a degree that when it is explained (mercifully in another book) one refuses to have anything to do with the explanation, and immediately and scornfully dismisses it from one's mind.

Mr. Harwood justifies the selection he has made for the present volume with evident misgivings, but he seems to me to have made an excellent compromise between the familiar and the unfamiliar. 'Twenty Thousand Leagues' and 'Round the World' could hardly have been omitted without raising storms of indignant protest. They are the two books which mention of the author's name instantly calls into anyone's mind, and they contain also his best qualities in profusion. Captain Nemo, Conseil, Ned Land, the harpooner, Fogg, Passepartout, and the detective, Fix, are characters with individual life, not merely parts of the machinery of stories of adventure. And it may be observed incidentally that, if we can now travel faster than Mr. Fogg, no shipyard has yet launched a submarine which it would be possible to compare with that of Captain Nemo.

The book which most "Vernists" (to use Mr. Harwood's word) would name after these is probably 'From the Earth to the Moon,' with its sequel, and I daresay that many of them will resent its omission. I do not know, however, that I should have cared to sacrifice in its favour any of the stories here included. Mr. Harwood condemns it as being "too slow in movement and too mathematical in detail." I would add that it ends in an anti-climax (but Verne was never at any time good at finishing his books), and falls to earth as headlong as the voyaging projectile itself. 'Hector Servadac,' much less well-known, is decidedly superior in invention, in sustained interest, and in humour. The spectacle of the remnant of the garrison of Gibraltar, under the command of Colonel Heneage Finch-Murphy (where in his reading did Verne encounter the name of Lady Winchilsea's husband?) and Major Sir John Temple Oliphant, carried out into space on a comet and, while stolidly awaiting instructions from London, occupying what is left of Ceuta, in case

the Mediterranean shall ever reappear, will delight all true Vernists, to many of whom it will probably be as new as it was to me. Our national characteristics are not very kindly handled in this book, which may account for the low place it holds in the Verne canon as accepted in England.

As against 'The Floating Island,' I should myself tentatively have suggested 'A Journey to the Centre of the Earth,' but I confess that I have not read that for a very long time, and that this, which I have now first read, is an exceedingly characteristic and captivating work. Who but Verne would have thought of choosing the members of a travelling string quartet to be the heroes of this adventure? Who but he could have so well exploited the extravagant humours of a city populated exclusively by millionaires? 'The Blockade-runners' is given here as a sample of Verne's non-scientific style, and a very good sample it is. But on the whole, I should have preferred 'Adrift in the Pacific,' an original and very successful treatment of the desert-island theme.

Some such comments will, no doubt, be made by every Vernist, but I am equally confident that they will all agree with me that Mr. Harwood has shown himself not unworthily devoted to our author. And they will probably agree, too, that such criticisms of Mr. Harwood's choice as we cannot forbear from making may be quite well regarded rather as suggestions for a second volume.

BITTER-SWEET WILLIAM

The Return of William Shakespeare. By Hugh Kingsmill. Duckworth. 7s. 6d.

Studies in Shakespeare. By G. F. Bradby. Murray. 6s.

THE modern librarian, viewing his teeming shelves of "Shakespeareana," may well complain

And Will to boot, and Will in over-plus,

but Mr. Kingsmill has a right to be heard. His story of the re-integration of Shakespeare by a modern scientist is not particularly well handled; it was incredible that the Press should not have cleared up the mystery at once and the impersonation of Shakespeare, while Will is lying in feeble health on a Buckinghamshire farm, is incredible nonsense. With everybody on the watch for a fake, can it be believed that a pretender in "make-up" would have been passed as genuine for a moment? But perhaps Mr. Kingsmill is simply following his master's precedent. If Shakespeare found it necessary at times to hold his audience by smutty jokes and feeble puns, Mr. Kingsmill may regard the re-integration yarn and his jaunty description of its repercussion on modern London as a necessary gilding for his pill of genuine Shakespearean criticism. In the middle section of his book the revived Shakespeare talks of his old self. Avoiding the perils of an Elizabethan pastiche Mr. Kingsmill has permitted the master to speak simply and directly of that which is the abiding and entralling mystery of letters, namely, the purpose and passion of the dramatist as he threw his flaming torches of beauty, humour and despair to the recipient hands of his fellow-players.

The first motive of the book is a sound one. Mr. Kingsmill is decently enraged by the dull, "authoritative" lives which have turned Will into a model husband sending the monthly cheque to Stratford, living in gentle affability and chastity, never hating and never hunted by the hounds of disenchantment and chagrin. On the other hand he rushes to no extremes of imaginative analysis; his

Will is not dismembered to make an anti-Stratfordian holiday, not turned to a peevish pervert or a neurotic invalid. What we receive is an extremely well-balanced study and reconciliation of the superficial psychological contradictions. Mr. Kingsmill follows up the swaying moods through the series of dramatic articulations, the early fascination with pomp and power and the later reaction to a Thersites vein whenever rank is mentioned, the ecstasy and disillusion of love, the sweet and the bitter, the gentleness *v.* the growling, and at last the fall almost from sanity itself into the savage world-hatred whose depth is "Timon." The Brandes portrait is reproduced in general, but there are some fine shades of new detail and it is plain that Mr. Kingsmill's reading of the dramatist has been the loving pleasure of a discerning devotee. If his re-integration of Shakespeare's body is far less plausible than his reconstruction of the mind, that is only to say that the trivial part of the book remains trivial. The pith is sound.

Shakespeare has to be rescued not only from the bourgeois deification of those who are eager to erect the image of a model citizen but from the mystical faddists and the too literary criticism of those who find astonishing subtleties in every word. Mr. Bradby is a common-sense critic who understands the theatrical conditions of the time and realizes that men writing dialogue in a hurry and often, perhaps, amid the clamour of greenroom and tavern, have not the habits of recluse-poets in a shady grot. Shakespeare was not the only worker in a hurry; the preparers of his texts must have grappled with a maze of untidy papers and scrawled, tattered copies from the prompter's corner. Hence some of the confusions in the plays may come through the thrusting together of alternative passages and versions. That certainly seems to be the case in 'Hamlet,' in whose contradictions Mr. Bradby finds clear proof of two texts in collision. His analysis of the closet scene is most instructive and, while the 'Hamlet' essay is certainly the most valuable in the book, the treatment of the Sonnets may be singled out as a model of prudent interpretation free from fantastic speculation. But it contains one really staggering statement of opinion. Surely Mr. Bradby must be the only critic in a myriad who ever picked out the dreadful sonnet beginning

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch

and called it "the most arresting and beautiful" of the series.

THE GOTHICK NORTH

The Visit of the Gipsies. These Sad Ruins. By Sacheverell Sitwell. Duckworth. 8s. 6d. each.

IT is not necessary (or perhaps even desirable) to be an architect or a painter to be perturbed by Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell's 'Defence of the North' embodied in these first two volumes of his trilogy. It is not necessary because there never before was a book on architecture seen primarily through the eyes of a painter, of painting seen through the eyes of a poet. Here, indeed, is that incurable habit which sees out of dimensions, and by virtue of that vision invests all with a hobgoblin light as of an innocent and fertile Puck. Mr. Sitwell, descending for an instant to what is almost prose, observes of the object of this work "that it has been written, not as concatenation of facts, or to confute the learned, but for the exercise of other faculties, which not even the most prolific of poets can expect perpetually to bear fruit." This is unusually direct self-criticism.

Mr. Sitwell admits, even claims, that these books are poetry, not with an object, but with a subject. And since the essence of his verse is the transmutation of the probably false into the possibly true, he is at liberty to use his startling knowledge of architecture and art for a wholly new purpose. The Gothick North is gravely printed in the shape of such material sentences as are elsewhere devoted to encyclopædias and their like. But that is merely the mask held before the face as in the Greek tragedies. This is, in fact, an Odyssey with its Sirens, its clashing rocks, its dangerous straits, even its one-eyed ogre. And throughout strays with the primal passion of adventure the dangerous smooth-tongued Greek, cozening and delighting. I have thought, indeed, that when Mr. Sitwell passed by them it was the singing maidens that were in danger of enthrallment, and they who should have bound themselves to the mast.

For if once you listen to Mr. Sitwell, you are lost. You forget the rules of criticism, the organic differences between the arts, and the need for some apparent scheme in any literary composition whatsoever. "I cannot be writing poetry the whole time, and must look about for a subject for prose," writes Mr. Sitwell in the first sentence of 'The Visit of the Gipsies,' and in the last (before 'The Epilogue') of 'These Sad Ruins' he concludes:

But there she stayed taking and asking for everything and giving nothing. And I turned away from her, knowing that this was all her life, into the quick and lively machinery of my third phantom. She blew into reality with a sudden and aching pleasure, while the two forsaken ghosts faded into the dark ends of the room.

And in between in the respite from poetry (and an Epic) which he promises himself and us, he writes:

There were snapdragons guarding these lowly things with their sleepy fires, and their jaws were old traps closed tight in the heat; near by were the rose bushes, holding back their beauty with the pathetic spears that are their only protection against the hand.

All this may be, as Mr. Sitwell suggests, a holiday from verse. But if it be prose, indeed, then he is more than entitled to share M. Jourdain's astonishment.

But because the book, as a whole, bears the same relation to prose as a swallow to a hen, it must not be imagined that it does not contain a world of insight and erudition. Why, indeed, should anybody be betrayed into so gross an error? True poetry is the most exact science known to man, and the most certain illumination, as it is the most economical. Mr. Sitwell has a thesis. His book is a study "if not a defence, of the fair-haired races that have imposed themselves for a thousand years upon all the countries of Northern Europe." It is therefore to be in part "about monks and monasteries." And, therefore, the book begins with an account of a Surrey Common and Miss Corder, a drawing-mistress, who with her brother Carl went sketching cathedrals on their holidays. They are not beside the point—these two—for they reappear in 'These Sad Ruins,' to maintain their share in a 'Dialogue in the Apple-Wood.' They resemble a little Mr. Shaw's man in a top-hat arranging for the canonization of Joan. They stand in that attitude of gaunt twentieth-century clumsiness as heralds or historians of incalculable riches. By contrast, carefully designed, the colours and the remote beauties of tapestries such as that of Susannah and the Elders leap into uncanny life. A little by their virtue another, even greater tapestry 'The Visit of the Gipsies' assumes an almost general significance:

It may symbolize the breaking of the mediæval isolation, and the stirring of the Gothick age out of its blind energy into a knowledge of what was on foot in other countries. . . . The visit of these gipsies was a sorcery come from the interminable vast, and its strangeness entered straight into the soul of all who saw it. . . . the gipsies brought with them a magnification of the senses in music.

Thus a single tapestry stands half-way between the Middle Age and agelessness. Mr. Sitwell by the odd

paradox of his creative imagination finds more motion in the stillest of fabrics than the rest of us in a gale. He feels a great wind racing through a quiet room. It blows away a hundred dusty records of painting and architecture, but when it has settled down all these, long dead, have the freshness of colour and a virginity of outline with which the painter and the architect first saw them. These books are hardly criticisms at all. Indeed, they are worse than that. They are mere re-creation.

HUMBERT WOLFE

MR. IVOR BROWN'S ESSAYS

Essays of To-Day and Yesterday: Ivor Brown. Harrap. 1s.

IT was more than worth while for Harraps to make Mr. Ivor Brown the latest addition to their sparkling list of essayists, and thus, even in so small a compass, indicate to the world how broad, free and interested a mind it is that conducts our weekly tour of the theatre. We are accustomed to hear Mr. Brown discourse on plot, production and the actors. We have learned to know that a nimble and coruscating humour plays over good nature, it is true, but not a good nature you can trifle with. He will give everything a hearing, but nothing twice that seems rubbish. Yet we forget that the whole of life is not sat out in a stall, that his penetrating eye sees other things besides the footlights. This timely little book may remind us of different qualities and experience.

Let us journey with him through these pages. Now we are looking with Mr. Brown at the charming Scottish village of his boyhood. He went in search of his youth. He did not find it, he says. We do. Mountains are shrunk to hillocks, bearded sea giants to common fisher-folk. But characteristically there is compensation. "Wonder has gone, but admiration remains":

The woods have lost their wonder, and their darkness is a plain unghosted thing. But beauty has crept in. Boyhood never saw that.

He considers Blackpool with pure joy, because this "Philistine Goliath that sprawls across the region sands," is so robustly full of purpose. It has no cliffs. Very well, it makes them. "What can one do," asks Mr. Brown, "but surrender to a city which sets out to make its own cliffs?" And what can we do but surrender with him to anything so heartily and honestly itself? Next he leads us a dance through puddings and pantomimes till the soberest English roly-polies caper like the chorus of little atomies in Dick Whittington. And "Sir Watkin" does not so much "walk out with Spotted Dog" as go up and down with him in corantos and galliards to Mr. Brown's infectious fiddle. In 'Ye Newe,' amusement is tempered to anger by the modern folly that will touch up an old inn until "it is adorned in a new Tudor skin with wrinkles of oak and great black gables for eyebrows which impishly suggest Mr. George Robey impersonating Drake or Raleigh." You may not drink beer on draught here, though the "Cocketaile Nooke" be never so "olde." A similar colder mood discusses America's surprising way with our tongue. In that country, it seems, "there is a notion that verbs ought not to be seen naked; linguistic chastity insists that they shall wear a preposition or two." So you do not win at all, unless you "win up" or "win out" or "win over."

In another essay, agreeing that all beauty is unfashionable, he wonders what we are to make of a certain Cornish cove where the grim Atlantic assumes the blue serenity of the Mediterranean, where natural beauty persists in imitating art that is out-of-

date. This is ironical, and nearer judgment than his equable temper often comes. So are 'Hard Times for Romantics,' 'The Landlubber's Lay' and 'The Way the Novel Goes.'

Taken together, these last show us something. Mr. Brown goes through life, as through literature, ideas and the play, content to live and let live. But he is always testing for truth. He welcomes it in the oddest places—puddings, pantomimes or seaside resorts. Whenever the metal rings false he discards it, though not until he has done some expert puncturing with a witty rapier. Sincerity is his first, final and absolute demand. This is why he appears to hate the "essayist Mariner" (though he should not even have mentioned Mr. H. M. Tomlinson's name in such a connexion) as well as "The Olde Toby Inne" and the "Into" novel, as he designates fantastic contemporary fiction, where the plot hinges on transformation. He accepts Bottom's translation for the upside-down of truth that it is. But anything that eye or imagination apprehends as sham, he will not have. On his Hill Difficulty he certainly climbs all the walls to taste apples and pears in the orchards. But he has an animal's instinct for health, and throws away whatever is green, rotten, deceptive or corrupt.

His style we have neglected. Yet the phrases quoted here show its serviceable quality, its ease, its wit, the "sweet reason" of its manners. And Shakespeare's words ring through it like a far chime of bells, as they only do for those who have gone to church with them for long hours.

The essays here given are chosen from his two latest books, 'Masques and Phases' and 'Now on View'; one comes from the SATURDAY, and two appear, not previously reprinted, from the *Pall Mall Magazine*. The nine are all graces enough to set one musing.

V. G. G.

RENAN

Recollections of My Youth. By Ernest Renan. Translated by C. B. Pitman. With an Introduction by G. G. Coulton. Routledge. 12s. 6d.

RENAN'S 'Souvenirs' are interesting and intensely readable, like everything Renan wrote. Though rather cloying in large doses, he is, judged even in translation, a writer unsurpassed, perhaps unapproached for lightness of touch. Talent he defined as setting off one's thoughts to the best advantage. In this sense certainly Renan was extremely talented. His erudition, though specialists may find much at fault in it, was as certainly very large. But in this book one looks rather for a means to comprehend more fully his life and, in particular, its crucial turning point. In this, it must be confessed, it is somewhat disappointing. Renan's religious difficulties crystallized themselves in a clear dilemma: either the Bible was wholly and completely inspired in every word or Catholicism would not hold water. The former, he concluded, was not true—the Bible did not even agree with itself, and he therefore abandoned Catholicism and, with it, formal Christianity. To his clear-cut mind the issue appears to have presented itself in a simplicity almost as bald as this. His choice was made and he left the Church.

The rigidity of the scholasticism in which he had been trained had made him, it has been suggested, a complete rationalist, and the rationalism of scholasticism, it has been said, was responsible for the fact that a man whose education had been wholly priestly and for the priesthood left the Roman Church. His own comment is that he left that Church because of that respect above all for truth and reason which had

been the essence of the teaching the priests had given him. In that sense he claimed to have been true to his upbringing. It must be admitted, we think, that a crisis so simple in form is rather remarkable as the turning point given in what is a kind of apologia. It tells us, perhaps, a good deal about the man, and without saying that his choice was right or wrong, it seems clearly to indicate a limited range.

In other respects this autobiography is rich. The light and learned digressions on matters suggested by his memories are charming and suggestive to read. Thus from the character of his own education in Brittany he shows how little the religion of that part had been influenced by the revolutionary period or the freethinking which preceded or followed it. He speaks of the almost innumerable chapels in Brittany, just tolerated by the priesthood, commemorating "saints" of the sixth century whom he believes to have been outstanding figures of the migration, and the enormous mass of legend gathered round them, including a particularly interesting one of St. Renan or Ronan. We learn, too, of his capacity for assimilating knowledge, of his philological studies and first successes.

Mr. Coulton, in his interesting introduction, warns us of the art with which the story Renan tells is presented and how, no doubt often unconsciously, some things have got slightly out of the accurate. He quotes, too, from the exquisitely satirical little book of Maurice Barrès in which the Master is portrayed in an imaginary 'Week at M. Renan's House.' Renan is made to say, "At the age of twelve, my young friend, I was already what I am now, rheumatism included; since then I have learned nothing but familiarity with dictionaries." Better still in its delicate trifling is the following from the same source:

This afternoon, when I was introduced into M. Renan's study, the illustrious academician was dozing peaceably over his crabbed and ancient tomes. He awoke with perfect ease of manner, quite imperturbably, like a sage who is accustomed to pass from dreams to business. And, before I had spoken, he was already of my opinion.

This is good, but better is the amends made by Maurice Barrès in his Sorbonne lecture, in which he said of Renan that "he bequeathed to us no clear watchword, if I understand him aright, beyond the worship of lofty ideas." There is, after all, something unexplained and improbable about Renan. Perhaps

BE

UP-TO-DATE—

SHELLUBRICATE

Barrès felt it when he gave up the easy game of guying the great. A clue is given where Renan says that his abandonment of formal Christianity cured him of all practical enthusiasms. So he developed into a pontiff of literature and learning whom subsequent scholars have delighted to destroy. But when their work is done there is still something that remains.

GIBBON'S YOUTH

Gibbon's Journal. With Introductory Essays by D. M. Low. Chatto and Windus. 17s. 6d.

THIS volume is the first edition of a complete and accurate text of the English portion of Gibbon's 'Journal' and as such it is, as hardly needs stressing, an event. A few passages only have been hitherto printed and the appearance of the full text has naturally been everywhere welcomed. The 'Journal' deals with Gibbon's life in the militia and in society during the years 1759 to 1763 and contains much detail unknown to previous biographers, while, as is well known, the 'Autobiography' gives the life of the historian and scholar rather than of the whole man. Till now, the fuller pages of the 'Journal' have been suppressed. A generation ago Frederic Harrison said of them:

They, of course, have not the literary grace or the elaborate polish of the 'Memoirs'; they have not the rattle and verve of Byron's Diaries, nor the artless candour of Pepys' Diary. But as a picture of keen observation, indomitable industry, omnivorous reading, and the mastery of a powerful intellect amidst all the distractions of a busy life, they are well worth giving to the world.

The lack of literary grace is due to the fact that the 'Journal' was not intended for publication and probably not for any eyes but his own. For the most part he shows himself without reserve and it is this which gives these diaries their value.

Gibbon appears in the routine of the militia, an officer without any great enthusiasm. He camps at Winchester, where he enjoys the society, and at Devizes, which he found less agreeable, attends recruiting meetings and courts-martial, criticizes the theory and practice of the elaborate infantry drill of the time. The monotony of life was broken by drinking and there is a long list of drunken nights and mornings lost. Diversions took the form of yachting at Dover and rabbit-hunting at Buriton or Beriton, excursions to Lord Shaftesbury's landscape garden or to Windsor. There was also some mild flirtation. The serious affair with the Swiss girl, Suzanne Curchod, which from the opposition of Gibbon's family came to nothing, is hardly mentioned in the Journal, probably because of excess of feeling rather than the contrary.

The Journal is in four parts and extends to January, 1763. It was begun in August, 1761, when Gibbon was twenty-four and rapidly surveys his life to that date. There are records of his reading, of contemplated works, which included a history of England, a history of the Swiss and a history of Florence. He appears very young and there is an ingenuousness which is engaging. He was good-humoured, tolerant and unselfish, rather prone to submit to the will of others. His own description of himself made on his birthday in 1762 is very different, for he calls himself "proud, violent, and disagreeable in society." It is one which his present editor finds impossible to accept without modification, for he thinks that on the whole Gibbon emerged with credit from a luckless childhood and an inconsequent upbringing and that this shows a strength and sweetness of nature hitherto unjustly overlooked.

A word of thanks is due to Mr. Low for his strenuous editorial labours, his enlightening introduction, and for the valuable appendices, the first of which gives the Gibbon-Curchod correspondence from 1757 to 1759 in full. The printing, binding and illustrations are worthy of the book.

A SCHOLAR'S HARVEST HOME

Studies and Texts in Folklore, Magic, Medieval Romance, Hebrew Apocrypha and Samaritan Archaeology. By Moses Gaster. 3 vols. Maggs. £3 3s.

DR. GASTER has collected in these volumes the parerga of a life devoted to religious scholarship whose range is indicated by the title. Diverse as the subjects are, there is perhaps a common impulse to be found in all these studies; it is the element of romance, of the marvellous and the unusual story which has attracted him to them. He is here perhaps at his best, for his theories on Samaritan archæology, though attractive and plausible, have failed as yet to carry the main body of scholars with him. The charming memory of his childhood which Dr. Gaster evokes to account for his almost encyclopædic knowledge of folk tales is a picture of an education in a vanished world:

The nurse from Hungary, and the housemaid from Wallachia, the Albanian with his sweetmeats, and the peasant with his fowls and eggs, the pilgrim from the Holy Land, and the hawker, the gipsy, all and each came and conversed and told tales. When a circle was formed, sometimes in the garden, often before the gate in the twilight of the setting sun, they would gather and listen attentively. At times one of those present would interrupt the speaker to remind him of an incident he had forgotten; and not seldom would the audience follow the recital with vivid and strong expressions of approval or dismay. . . . There was not one who for one moment would doubt the reality of such a courageous prince and a supernatural beauty; the speaking of animals, and their power of assistance; the qualities of living and dead water; the drakos and his mighty club, the vampire, the sun and moon as persons—why, it would have been rank heresy to doubt their existence.

From folklore one passes by an easy transition to the papers on magic, relatively few and unimportant, and thence to the contributions to the study of romance. On one side of this there is the Matter of Britain with a Hebrew version of the end of the Round Table and a study of the Merlin legend, on the other a more valuable study of the Alexander cycle, including a Hebrew version of the *Secretum Secretorum*, a most valuable piece of original study, the life of Alexander—the Eastern story, not the classical one—and his Journey to Paradise. Naturally, too, Dr. Gaster brings forward from Hebrew sources, mainly from manuscripts in his own collection, a large number of stories parallel to others already known in Western folklore. All these form the second volume of the collection; the first is devoted to Biblical apocrypha, and subjects of a similar nature, closing with some Samaritan studies. The third volume consists almost entirely of Hebrew texts illustrating papers in the other two volumes. Dr. Gaster has reprinted his contributions to periodical literature with two paginations, the original and a continuous one, thus facilitating references to his work. Very few scholars are in a position to estimate the true value of all his studies; on the other hand, no literary student can fail to be interested in some part of them, and on their behalf we thank him for this most valuable harvest of a life's labours—a true Feast of Ingathering, as the quotation on the title page suggests.

The Circulation Manager particularly asks that Subscribers will be kind enough to notify him at 9 King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2, of any delay in delivery of copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW sent to them by post, or of any case where excess postage has been charged.

It would be helpful if the wrapper in which the paper was sent could be returned, but this is not essential. All subscribers' copies are posted to them from London on Friday morning.

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

The Struggle for the Freedom of the Press. By William H. Wickwar. Allen and Unwin. 16s.

WITH the exception of "Lord Campbell's Libel Act" the freedom of the Press in this country is not based upon any specific law or laws. Like so many other so-called rights, it rests partly upon the general rule of law that only definite breaches of law may be punished, but even more on the general belief that no satisfactory alternative to freedom exists, a belief generally shared by governments in England. At the same time it has to be noted that the freedom of the Press is not complete either theoretically or practically. The limits in practice are fairly well known, even had not a recent notorious case served as a powerful reminder of the precarious nature of liberty even in the field of pure literature. Anyone who reduced Plato's 'Republic' to the dimensions of a sixpenny or a two-penny pamphlet and sold it in the London streets as containing serious proposals to remedy our present discontents would expose himself to a grave risk. And whether anyone could be found to finance a daily paper which had no object but to give an uncoloured account of the news and whether such a paper would survive are matters of opinion.

Such freedom of the Press as exists is partly the result of accident and partly of the struggle on the part of enthusiasts such as Richard Carlile between 1819 and 1832 which Mr. Wickwar has very exhaustively studied. In the reign of William III the expiring Licensing Act was not renewed and in this negative fashion the foundations of Press freedom were laid. But in the early nineteenth century the method of opposing reform by attempting to stifle the opinions of opponents was resumed. In the end the attempt failed, but there were still the Press taxes represented by the stamps which everyone has seen on old newspapers. These so-called taxes on knowledge were the subject of a further struggle. Mr. Wickwar's very careful work is a reminder not only of the method by which such freedom as exists has been attained but also of the way in which it can be maintained and extended.

NEW FICTION

By L. P. HARTLEY

The Buried Stream. By Lilian Bowes-Lyon. Cape. 7s. 6d.

Carr. By Phyllis Bentley. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

Class 1902. By Ernst Glaeser. Secker. 7s. 6d.

SOME novels, and those not necessarily the worst, slend themselves readily to criticism. If they are impulsively written, if they embody general ideas, if they set out to prove or demonstrate a thesis, if they have an unusual subject or make a bid to be original, then there is at once something for criticism to catch hold of. But, confronted with a novel that is self-contained, that goes its way content with its own story and caring little for external considerations, the critic has to tread warily.

'The Buried Stream' is such a book. Much self-criticism has gone to its composition; clearly Miss Bowes-Lyon pondered nearly every sentence and wondered if she could do without it. Among her many virtues as a writer, economy of treatment

comes first. She never wastes a word. Indeed, I think her verbal parsimony goes too far. Of the three married couples gathered together at Rivers, some united by consanguinity and affection, some divided by incompatibility and prejudice, she only describes one at all fully: the dying Gregory Fawcett and his Russian wife, Anastasia. Of the others, and the subtle interplay of their emotions, Miles's feeling for Juliet, Matthew's love for Anastasia, Belle's delight in the animals of the farm she manages—one has to gather what one can. Miss Bowes-Lyon's style is straightforward: she makes plain statements about her characters, but each sentence, each fragment of dialogue, is charged with implication and suggestion. Perhaps she is right to cultivate reticence, for when she lets herself grow more explicit (e.g., in the narration of Ana's earlier years and previous lovers) she loses grip. But all the same, the book suffers from its lack of signposts.

The idea behind it seems to be something like this: Juliet, who has not seen her brother, nor presumably cared much about him, for several years, arrives to find him in terrible pain, dying by inches. The love she felt for him in childhood reawakens in her; the buried current of her life comes once more to the surface. She is prepared to do anything to relieve his suffering, and this readiness brings the story to a sudden and tragic end. The relationship between Juliet and Gregory is the real subject of the book. But Miss Bowes-Lyon no more than touches on the rapture and despair that accompanied Juliet's passionate evocation of the past: she lets her interest in Anastasia get the better of her and obscure the main issue. This is a pity, for though the characters in 'The Buried Stream' lack flesh and blood, and do not live as human beings, in the region of the abstract to which Miss Bowes-Lyon promotes them, they have a vivid existence. Intellectually, the book is stimulating and satisfying. In its contacts with ordinary life it is puzzling and somehow inadequate.

Miss Phyllis Bentley has cast her new novel in the form of a biography: the "sources of information" are given, there is an appendix and an index: everything, in fact, which might be expected to

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destroy the illusion that fiction is intended to create. Why, oh why, did Miss Bentley embarrass herself with these handicaps? We have plenty of biography that reads like fiction; perhaps she thought it would be a good idea to give us fiction that reads like biography. But whereas historical truth provides a foundation firm enough to support a good deal of imaginative decoration, fiction is altogether too frail a basis to sustain such a weighty superstructure as historical truth. With certain reservations the mind accepts the one, but the other it rejects as being top-heavy and inartistic. Perhaps if Miss Bentley had treated the whole matter as an elaborate joke, a fantasy of the biographical method imposed upon subject-matter equally fantastic, she might have carried it through successfully; but her material is too stubborn to lend itself to fantasy. She traces the history of three Yorkshire families, solid people for the most part, their interests divided between love and business, from the 'sixties of last century until the present day. They are grouped around the central figure of P. S. Carr, a lovable and not wholly successful merchant. They are people of deep and tenacious emotions, true North-Country types, and entirely wanting in artificiality or pose; unsuitable subjects for an experiment in imaginary biography.

As a matter of fact, Miss Bentley does not press her experiment very far; she sets up the framework and then leaves it alone. Its presence gives the book an air of unreadability it does not at all deserve—there is something forlorn about it, as though someone had made the experiment of building his house in the corner of a railway station and left it half done. So much modern art is like that. The experiment apart, 'Carr' is an absorbing and delightful story; the principal figure is never quite "made out," but the subsidiary characters are individual and original. One consequence of her experiment one cannot but admire: Miss Bentley's grave and veracious literary style, which convinces far more than her biographical apparatus of genealogical trees and cross-references.

'Class 1902' portrays pre-war and war-time Germany as seen through the eyes of a child. It is a most disagreeable picture, its principal subjects being the manners of German middle-class society and the sexual preoccupations of children. The crudity of the civilization described is as astonishing as it is repellent. Let us hope that Herr Glaeser exaggerates. He has a fertile and lively pen, no more reticence than is absolutely necessary, and the ability to evoke a painful curiosity. One feels aloof and superior, as though reading a slightly scandalous manual of Natural History:

Young D. was the Kalmuck; at least we called him so because of his prominent cheek-bones and dirty-grey complexion. His father was a butcher, a fair-skinned, robust man, very brutal. . . . His mother . . . was ugly and spoke little. . . . since her last confinement she had been paralysed. The Kalmuck . . . liked to torment animals, cats in particular, which he would bind together in pairs by the hind legs and then hound them on by pouring water over them.

The Kalmuck used to give object-lessons in the mysteries of sex to such lads as would pay to watch. The hero attends, and runs away horror-struck; he must have been a half-wit, for when the war is half over, in spite of all his investigations he is still ignorant, though hardly innocent:

"I don't know what that is," he says to Anna [meaning virginity].

"Don't you really know?"

"No," I replied, "how should I know? Nobody has ever mentioned virginity to me since the war began."

Astonishing immunity! 'Class 1902' is an unpalatable book, which has somehow won the commendation of several famous German authors.

SHORTER NOTICES

Our African Winter. By Arthur Conan Doyle. Murray. 7s. 6d.

IN this agreeable little book, the creator of Sherlock Holmes describes the recent tour which he made through South Africa and the adjoining British colonies on behalf of his spiritualistic propaganda. His attitude is indeed more reminiscent of Dr. Watson than of the immortal detective, and we often seem to hear his voice murmuring, "Holmes, this is wonderful!" It is, as he observes, a credulous mind which can suppose that the death of De la Rey was not "a direct interposition of Providence to prevent the disruption of the British Empire." It is a still more credulous mind which can believe that "savage races which have all practised spirit intercourse are in so low a state of development" because "a savage circle would attract savage spirits." It throws a curious light on the spiritualist's treatment of evidence to learn that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle informed an audience that R. L. Stevenson was the secretary of a psychic society in his early days on the ground that "in one of his first letters to me he addressed me as 'dear fellow-spookist.'" On referring to the letter evidently in question, which is printed on page 22 of the fifth volume of letters in the Tusitala edition, we find that all Stevenson meant was that both he and his correspondent were members of the Society for Psychical Research—which is by no means the same thing. Among the numerous "psychic anecdotes" included we may quote a charming parallel to Scott's account of the Mauth Dog:

A staid and sober citizen of good repute told me this story after my lecture. His little girl was going to school and was assaulted by a Kaffir lad. A dog sprang out, attacked the boy, who bolted, and then escorted the child home. All the family, including the narrator, patted its head and fondled it. Then before their eyes it dematerialized. It was half-Airedale, half-Irish terrier, and did not correspond to any dog they had lost or to any neighbour's dog. It is easy to explain such a story on the grounds of lies, but surely the time has come when the world has become more wise. . . . The child, of course, would be mediumistic, and the control (whom Catholics would call the Guardian Angel) would work the materialization.

We should be inclined to say with Mr. Oldbuck that the story might be "a lie with a circumstance," and, as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle says in reference to disbelievers in the Cottingley fairies, "it is amazing how difficult it is to eradicate a lie."

Cardinal Newman. By J. Lewis May. Bles. 10s. 6d.

PROBABLY no figure in the religious history of this country has been the subject of so much consideration as Cardinal Newman. Books about him continue to increase and multiply. Apart from the official biography we have had during the course of the last few years studies by the Abbé Bremond, Canon Barry, Dr. Charles Sarolea and Mr. Bertram Newman. Mr. May's book is of a wider range than any of these. It attempts an estimate of Newman alike as a theologian, a controversialist and a man of letters. To the majority of readers Newman must ever remain a mystery. There was something paradoxical about his whole career. He was the greatest and for many years the most unwelcome of English converts to Rome. He fashioned a new apologetic for Catholicism of which his successors have been glad to take the fullest advantage, but which his contemporaries both disliked and distrusted. He owes his present commanding position in the world of religious thought to an accident. Charles Kingsley called him a liar and Newman retorted with a classic. The "old lady washed in milk" (to adopt Mr. May's phrase) was revealed as the most deadly controversialist of his age. He had always been loved by his friends; henceforward he was to be feared by his enemies. If the old "anti-Popery" prejudices of Victorian days have almost disappeared, it is largely owing to the duel between Newman and Kingsley. Mr. May's book is a delicate and sympathetic appraisal of Newman's character, and, if he writes in the spirit of a hero-worshipper, he may find his justification in the fact that Newman was a hero.

Afghan and Pathan. By George B. Scott. Mitre Press. 8s.

THIS is rather a book of reference than one that can be read through from cover to cover, but it is a mine of information. There is not a tribe on the North-West frontier of India with which the author is not thoroughly familiar, and in these pages he gives the reader the benefit of his knowledge. Mr. Scott wisely avoids even the appearance of taking sides in the questions that are vexing India at the present time, but he gives it as his considered opinion that the wild tribes of the frontier will never obey an Indian Parliament sitting at Delhi. He quotes many instances of the influence exercised by individual British officers and officials, and his unimpassioned narrative is more eloquent of the need for caution in the matter of reform than the most cogent arguments would have been. Mr. Scott is also a sure guide to the troubled politics of Afghanistan, where he considers that Bacha-i-Saqao will hold the throne he has won. Altogether, a most valuable little book, which no student of Indian affairs can afford to ignore.

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THE OCTOBER MAGAZINES

The *Fortnightly* for October contains a paper by Mr. F. Swinnerton on 'Why Books are Published,' which does not leave the impression of much wisdom in the publishers' minds, or much courage either. Mr. A. Waugh recounts the history of the *Fortnightly*, with its brilliant list of editors: it was a fortnightly for eighteen months. Mr. R. Chance under the title of 'Love and Mr. Lawrence' examines his attitude towards Western culture and civilization. Mr. Carr tells the story of one of Dostoevsky's infatuations, and Mrs. Palffy describes the scene at a New York palace when Conrad gave a reading from his 'Victory' and went on for two hours. Miss Pier contributes a story of mistaken kindness—good of its sort, and Mr. Bates tells of the difficulties of 'A Father of Four.'

The *Nineteenth* concludes Lord Ernle's memories of the Empress Frederick with an account of the Morell Mackenzie case. Mr. C. M. Grieve looks forward to the happy time when Scottish poetry will be written in a revised Gaelic, permitting in the meantime the use of "synthetic Scots." Mrs. McGrath in 'A Century of Marryat' pays tribute to the great descriptive powers of that author and notes a peculiar vein of ruthlessness which runs through his work. Dr. Starkie contributes some sketches of Provence, in which he catches the atmosphere as well as the character of the Provençal. Mr. Coward calls attention to the extraordinary growth in the number of starlings, and to the harm they do; Mrs. Anderson puts the case for vivisection, and Mr. Kershaw on Air Pollution thinks the Battersea Power Station will do no harm.

The *London Mercury* concludes its tenth year successfully, and pays due tribute to the late Mr. John Freeman. Among the verse are contributions by Messrs. Sturge Moore, Chesterton, De la Mare, and Blunden. Mr. Priestley gives a sketch of one of the crazy incidents of war time, Mr. Williamson catches the spirit of the village in one of its oldest inhabitants, and Mr. Mottram invents an episode of the Crimean War. Mr. Richards on Criticism stirs Mr. Twichett to 'A Vision of Judgment.' There is a caricature of G. B. S. by Harry Furniss; a paper on a good subject by Mr. Lynd, 'Books that we cannot Read'; and a note on 'Henry James and the Theatre' by Mr. Walbrook. Chronicles by Mr. Gordon Bottomley, Mr. Powys, Mr. Burdett, Mr. Casson, and Mr. Hony are noteworthy.

The *English Review* in its 'Notes from Paris' tells of the prominence of foreign plays there and of the discontent of critical circles. Mr. Denny writes on 'The Reform of the House of Lords'; Mr. E. W. P. Newman on the growth of small linguistic communities round the Baltic. Mr. Warner selects eight typical English pictures for comment; Mr. Bousfield condemns the taste of 'Journey's End'; and Mr. Shipp praises the consistency of Mr. Bernard Shaw. The fiction is above the average.

Life and Letters contains extracts from the diary of a man of twenty-five who has a good conceit of himself (by Mr. C. Connolly); a South African sketch; the story of Cowper's Newton; a self-congratulatory note on Dr. Johnston's first editions by Mr. O. Brett; and a suggestion for a new anthology of love poetry by Mr. MacCarthy. 'The Mystery of the Book of the Month Club' is good criticism.

The *Realist* is almost entirely devoted to scientific subjects—the electricity of the body; the invisible viruses by which many diseases are caused; mental deficiency and its causes, classification, and dangers; the nature of life, theories of the past, theories about past theories, and hopes for the solution of the mystery; the completion of Prof. Huxley's account of the relations between size, weight, and surface of living things; a very useful paper on soap, explaining what reactions occur in washing one's hands, for example; a paper on housing; a defence of the theories of pro-creation ascribed to primitive man, from which it becomes quite reasonable, from his point of view, that the father has no part in the matter; and other papers on motors, the cinema, etc. Mr. Julien Benda's 'Notes on Reaction in France' are important.

The *Empire Review* contains papers by Sir Robert Hadfield on 'The Empire and Industry'; Mr. E. W. P. Newman on 'Arab and Jew in Palestine'; and by Lord Eustace Percy on 'The School-leaving Age.' Mr. L. V. Dodd gives good hope for the 'Revival of Craftsmanship' and Mr. Craven Hill's sketch is first rate of its kind.

Blackwood contains some reminiscences of a vanished London by Lord Latymer; a fishing sketch of Lough Comb; an account of 'The Seaman's Pigtail,' which came into use in the Navy later than one thought, by Mr. Laughton; a paper on 'Bibliophobia' suggested by Mr. Gilbert Norwood's witty dream of a committee for destroying books, and 'Musings without Method'—not misled by any seeming changes in the "enemy's" behaviour.

Cornhill concludes Miss Mitton's serial and publishes two important finds. The first is Dr. Johnson's letters to Sir Robert Chambers, now in the possession of an American

owner, showing the great man's friendship with an Oxford undergraduate. Sir George Aston publishes the first part of the second, the log of a Dutch skipper who fought at Trafalgar. The short stories and sketches in the number are good.

Foreign Affairs contains Mr. Norman Angell's survey of the League of Nations, the possible erection of the British Empire into a Free Trade unit, the United States of Europe, and on 'America and Europe, Signs of rapprochement.'

Old Furniture contains papers by Mr. B. Rackham on the Glass painter, Lukas Zanei of Zurich; by Mr. B. Matthews on Edward East the clockmaker; by Mr. Eric Millar on the Bedford Hours; on the Haslemere Lace Exhibition; the Empress Josephine's silver; the Bloxham gift of Ming Porcelain; and Mr. Campbell Dodgson's paper on French Engravings at the British Museum. The magazine offers a prize of £20 for a more appropriate title. It is one of the best illustrated periodicals of the day.

The *World To-day* contains a very proper reply by Admiral Davidson to the self-laudatory statements of the German submarine commanders recently published in the case of the *Cornwallis*. A stern Tory offers temporary thanks for Mr. Philip Snowden; Mr. Dennis explains the working and results of Fascism, and there are other papers—among them the views of the tired business man's tired wife.

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

Where a book is not yet published, the date of publication is added in parentheses.

ESSAYS AND BELLES-LETTRES

- THE BALCONINNY AND OTHER ESSAYS. By J. B. Priestley. Methuen. 5s.
 CLASSICAL STUDIES. By G. Sargeaunt. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.
 A SECOND BOOK OF BROADSHEETS. With an Introduction by Geoffrey Dawson. Methuen. 7s. 6d.
 THE ENGLISH HERITAGE SERIES. Edited by Viscount Lee of Fareham and J. C. Squire: ENGLISH HUMOUR. By J. B. Priestley; SHAKESPEARE. By John Bailey; ENGLISH WILD LIFE. By Eric Parker; THE ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOL. By Bernard Darwin. Longmans. 3s. 6d. each. (October 17.)
 HOGARTH LECTURES: NOTES ON ENGLISH VERSE SATIRE. By Humbert Wolfe; POLITICS AND LITERATURE. By G. D. H. Cole. The Hogarth Press. 3s. 6d. each.
 CARAVAN ESSAYS. NO. 6. A NEW STONEHENGE. By Rendel Harris. Cambridge: Heffer. 2s.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

- THE LIFE OF LORD FISHER OF KILVERSTONE. By Admiral Sir R. H. Bacon. Hodder and Stoughton. Two volumes. £2 2s.
 THREE PERSONAL RECORDS OF THE WAR. By R. H. Mottram. John Easton and Eric Partridge. The Scholaris Press. 15s. (October 17.)
 THE LETTERS AND FRIENDSHIPS OF SIR CECIL SPRING-RICE. A RECORD. Vols. I and II. Edited by Stephen Gwynn. Constable. 42s.
 CALENDAR OF PLEA AND MEMORANDA ROLLS, A.D. 1364-1381. Edited by A. H. Thomas. Cambridge University Press. 15s.
 THE REIGN OF HENRY THE FIFTH. By James Hamilton Wylie and William Templeton Waugh. Vol. III (1415-1422). Cambridge University Press. 30s.
 THE AMAZING CAREER OF BERNADOTTE, 1763-1844. By the Rt. Hon. Sir Dunbar Plunket Barton. Murray. 21s.
 AFTER PURITANISM, 1850-1900. By Hugh Kingsmill. Duckworth. 8s. 6d.
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 FURTHER LETTERS OF VINCENT VAN GOGH. WRITTEN TO HIS BROTHER. 1886-1889. Vol. III. Constable. 31s. 6d.
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(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, October, 17)

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 ONE DESTROYS SNAKES, THE SECOND BOASTS GREAT EYES.

1. A sandy waste, sir, of the largest size.
2. No loud halloo he'll make you, but a hollow.
3. Dame Partlet's laid her egg—there's this to follow.
4. Core of a member of the finny race.
5. It's wrong, but in its heart one finds a place.
6. Typhoons in me present but little danger.
7. Behead a month to bleak winds not a stranger.
8. I think and think, an Attic coin inside.
9. At each end clip a road p'rhaps best not tried.
10. To shed the blood of Scio's vine they're bold.
11. A jot, a tittle—known to Greece of old.
12. Damnable sometimes, useful oft enough.
13. Surely he must be, to cut up so rough!

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WHICH MUST BE KNOWN—BY NAME, AT LEAST—TO YOU

1. "What have we here?" A man by magic wrought.
2. Small Indian coin with which much can't be bought.
3. Three-fifths of Seine or Thames or Don or Po.
4. On minor Papal errands he will go.
5. No option have I? Hobson's choice, I vow.
6. O, heart of stone! We need you here and now.
7. Afflicted Dutchmen, sixteen-thirty-four;
8. For me they paid £400 and more.
9. First go on board, then cut adrift the box.
10. By Cadmus given. Once it meant an ox.
11. On dinner-tables this is sometimes seen.
12. Sung by starved lover to his fancy's queen.

Solution of Acrostic No. 393

H omunculu	S ¹	1	Paracelsus asserted that he was able,
A nn	A ²		by magic, to make a <i>homunculus</i> , or
R i	Ver		little man.
I nternunci	O ³	2	An Indian coin worth about three-half-
C ompulsor	Y		pence.
rO	Ck	3	An envoy of the Pope sent to <i>small</i>
T ulipomani	A ⁴		states.
B ul	B ⁵	4	Began in Holland about 1634, and led
E m	Bark		to disasters such as result from great
A lph	A ⁶		financial catastrophes.
N apkin-rin	G	5	A single bulb of <i>Semper Augustus</i> was
S erenad	E	6	thought cheap at 5500 florins.
		6	Byron, in <i>The Isles of Greece</i> , says:
			"You have the letters Cadmus gave,"
			meaning the Greek alphabet. Alpha is
			the Hebrew <i>aleph</i> , ox.
		7	Serenade, which the starved lover sings
			To his proud fair, best quitted with
			disdain.

Paradise Lost, iv. 769.

ACROSTIC No. 393.—The winner is "N. O. Sellam," Mr. G. K. Malleson, 64 Gordon Road, Ealing, who has chosen for his prize 'The Career of Sir Basil Zaharoff,' by Dr. Richard Lewinsohn, published by Gollancz and reviewed by us on September 28. Four other competitors selected this book, sixteen named 'Thirty Years in the Jungle,' nine 'The Meeting-place,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—E. Barrett, A. de V. Blathwayt, Boskerris, Mrs. R. Brown, Carlton, Miss Carter, Ceyx, Chailey, Clam, J. R. Cripps, Fossil, Gay, Hanworth, Jop, Lilian, Madge, Margaret, Met, George W. Miller, Sisyphus, St. Ives, C. J. Warden.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—A. E., Armadale, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Mrs. J. Butler, J. Chambers, Chip, Dhualt, D. L., Dodo, M. East, Farsdon, G. M. Fowler, Glamis, James Hall, Iago, Jeff, John Lennie, Martha, Mrs. Milne, Lady Mottram, Peter, F. M. Petty, Quis, Shorwell, Tyro, Yendu.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Boris, Estela, Margaret Owen, Rabbits, Thora. All others more.

ACROSTIC No. 392.—TWO LIGHTS WRONG: E. Barrett, Bolo, Mrs. R. H. Boothroyd, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Bertram R. Carter, Ceyx, Chailey, J. Chambers, Dhualt, M. East, Glamis, Mrs. Greene, Mrs. Milne, M. I. R., Miss Moore, Margaret Owen, C. J. Warden, Capt. W. R. Wolseley. All others more.

D. L.—The subject of a Light, whether noun, adjective, or what not, may be personified. See Acrostic No. 375, Light 11, *Ovine*.

J. LENNIE.—For meaning of *Allah* see Chambers's *Twentieth Century Dictionary*.—We say a room is *empty*; a hair-splitter may deny the statement and affirm that it is *full*—of air. You maintain that it is not *indisputable* "that sixty seconds made a minute," because some lunatic or other may dispute the fact. Baedeker said that the path to the Riffelberg could not be mistaken. Mark Twain replied that it could be mistaken, and if he was the first to do it, he wanted the credit of it.

STRUCCO.—Many thanks for kind letter.

THE CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday

ALTHOUGH some relief has been experienced that the recent rise in the Bank Rate is proving effective in improving the value of sterling in foreign currencies, thus encouraging the belief that a further rise in the rate will not be necessary, stock markets are still under the cloud of uncertainty that is likely to continue until the Hatry settlement has taken place, while further uneasiness is being felt as to the future trend of prices on Wall Street. The opinion has already been expressed in these notes that once the speculative craze in America is found to be definitely on the wane, monetary conditions this side will be greatly eased. At the same time, as so many counters are now dealt in internationally, severe falls on Wall Street have their repercussions this side, none the less unpleasant for being only temporary. The key to the position in Wall Street appears to rest with the large number of new Trust companies which have been formed during recent months, and just as last year there were many who saw in the glut of new issues that were made on the London market the death knell of our own industrial share boom, so it is suggested that the advent of this large number of Trust companies heralds the final stages of the most protracted and amazing stock boom the world's markets have ever seen.

These American Trust companies can be divided into three categories, those formed to function as thoroughly sound Trust companies in accordance with our ideas in this country, those formed as merely blind speculative pools to take advantage of an active stock market to buy and sell stock profitably and, lastly, those Trust companies formed for purposes of relief to take over large lines of shares purchased at lower levels which, it is felt, could not with safety be sold in the market without seriously endangering their quotations. While the American public might have been shy of laying out hundreds of millions of dollars in purchasing stock at the high rates which have been reached during recent months, they apparently were not merely willing but anxious to subscribe for shares in Trust companies who utilized their money possibly in acquiring interests at very inflated levels. It appears, therefore, that the future trend of prices on Wall Street will depend on the financial position of these Trusts. If, as is suggested in certain quarters, they have very ample resources in cash available to put into the market on any setback, then a substantial fall should not mature, at all events until after these funds are invested. If, on the other hand, their cash balances are reduced and they are holding stock almost to their capacity, then a permanent lower trend of prices on Wall Street can be expected. The position is uncertain, although even the most optimistic realize that a permanent continuation of the stock boom of Wall Street cannot be anticipated. The next two or three months should prove interesting.

NEWSPAPER SHARES

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caused by a frank statement from Lord Rothermere of the position of his group of companies which consist of Associated Newspapers, *Daily Mirror*, *Sunday Pictorial*, the *Daily Mail* Trust and the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company. The step taken by Lord Rothermere is unusual. At the same time, there can be no gainsaying it is in the interests of the large number of small shareholders who have a financial stake in this section of the popular Press. Alarming and malicious rumours have been spread to the detriment of these companies, with the result that the price of their shares had fallen to levels which in no way represent their intrinsic value, and small-holders quite easily may have been tempted to dispose of their holdings at a considerable loss, having grown alarmed by the persistent fall in the price of these shares. Although some recovery has been experienced, they are still standing at a level at which they appear decidedly attractive for investment purposes, as a further recovery appears to be inevitable when conditions are more settled.

Mention of this group of newspaper companies would not be complete without reference to the great speculative attractions of the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company, control of which is owned by the Associated Newspapers Company, and in which the *Daily Mirror* Company and the *Daily Mail* Trust by virtue of their holdings of Associated Newspaper shares are largely interested. The Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company, in addition to owning an extremely valuable newsprint manufacturing business, also owns a 50 per cent. interest in the Buchan mining area which is being developed by the American Smelting and Refining Company, which owns the other half-interest. The future value of this Buchan mining area cannot at the moment be gauged. Already sufficient ore has been proved to show an estimated profit of £10,000,000, but this is believed to be only a small portion of what the area will eventually produce.

HOME AND COLONIAL STORES

Despite general conditions, it is interesting to note that the price of the 4s. ordinary shares of the Home and Colonial Stores have been well maintained during the recent period of depression. These shares appear in their class a thoroughly sound permanent investment not over-priced at the present level, which is in the neighbourhood of 17s. Last year shareholders received dividends of 15 per cent. and a special bonus of 10 per cent.

STAVELEY TRUST

Now that the need for shareholders receiving fuller information as to the operations of the companies in which they are interested is being realized, attention is drawn to a pleasing innovation made by the Staveley Trust in their recent report and balance sheet, in which they included details of all their holdings. This practice has been adopted by a certain number of Trust companies in the past, but it is to be hoped that in the future the example will be emulated by every class of finance investment and holding company. Mr. Julian D. Marks, chairman and managing director of the Staveley Trust, and his fellow directors are to be congratulated on the example they have set, which, it is hoped, will in the future be widely emulated.

COMPANY MEETING

In this issue will be found a report of the Twenty-eighth Annual General Meeting of Raphael Tuck and Sons, Ltd.

Company Meeting

RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS

CONTINUED GROWTH OF BUSINESS

MR. GUSTAVE TUCK'S SURVEY

The Twenty-Eighth Annual General Meeting of Raphael Tuck and Sons, Ltd., was held on October 8 at Raphael House, Moorfields, E.C.

Mr. Gustave Tuck (chairman and managing director), in the course of his speech, said: The year under review has witnessed the continued growth of our business. The closing months of 1928 will never be forgotten by subjects of his Majesty, who watched with grave concern the course of the King's serious illness for many anxious weeks. The anxiety and uncertainty which hung over the country manifested itself in a distinct slackening of business activity, which continued until the minds of the people were relieved and the crisis happily ended. Tuck's Christmas Cards hold the field for originality and artistic merit. These cards are one of the important branches of our varied business, and they continue to find increased favour with the public. The production of Children's Books has been a feature of our business for many years.

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Sir Arthur Conan Doyle seconded the motion for the adoption of the report and accounts and the declaration of a final dividend making 8 per cent. for the year on the ordinary shares, which was carried unanimously.

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